

MARCH 1946
VOL. 5 NO. 12

Shadow

COMICS

MONEY'S
YOUR **10¢** WORTH
FIFTY-TWO
PAGES



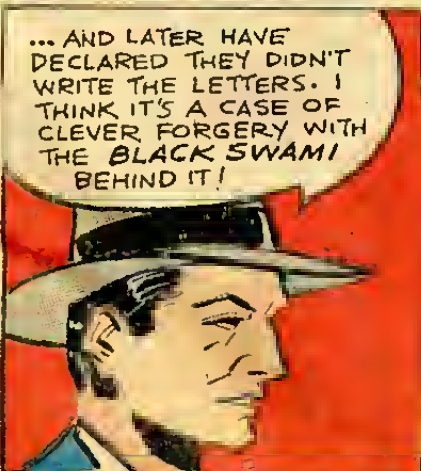
THE SHADOW

Tracks Down
MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINAL
Proves That
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

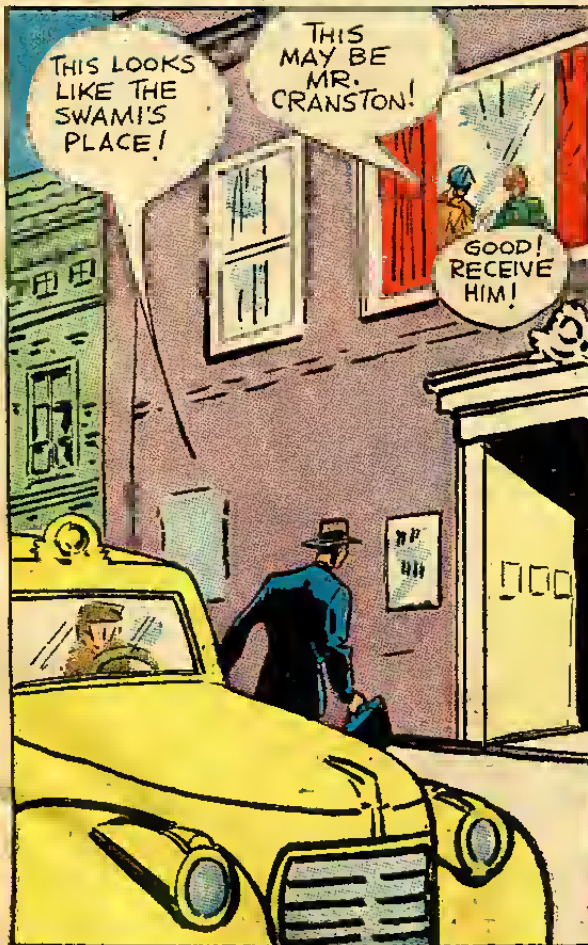
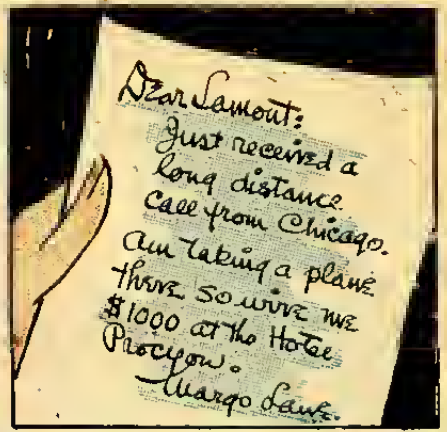
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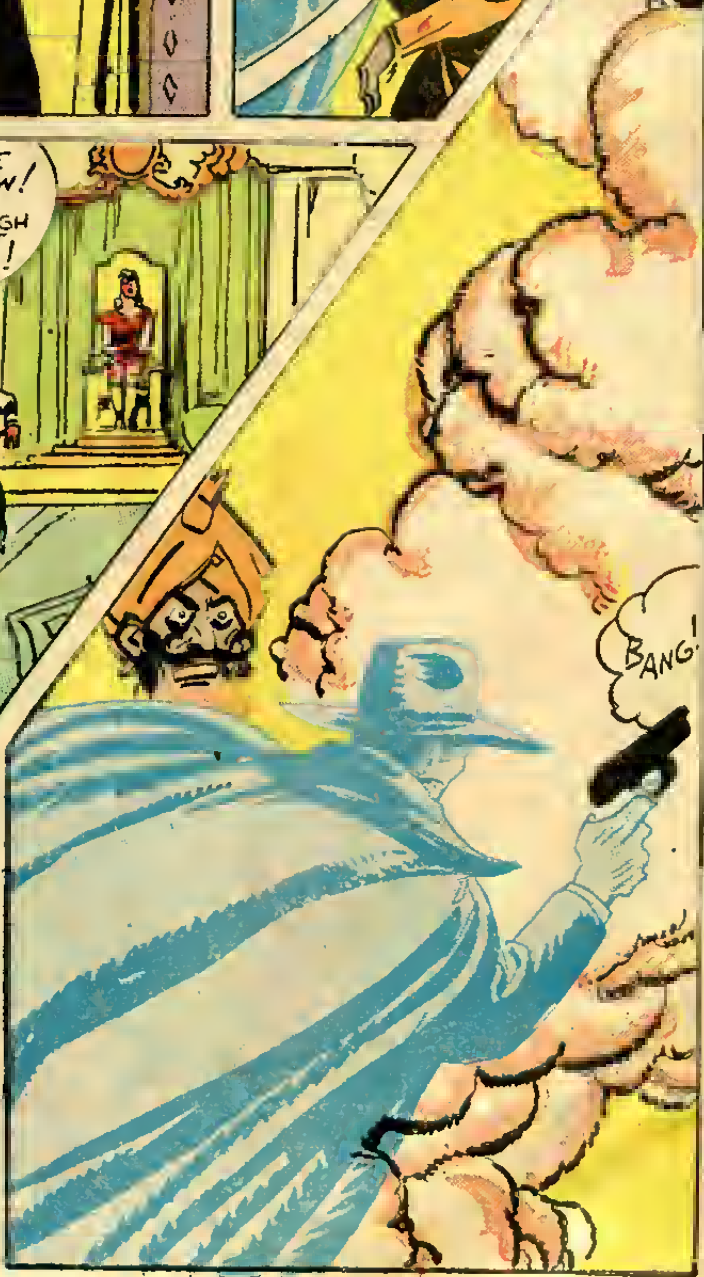
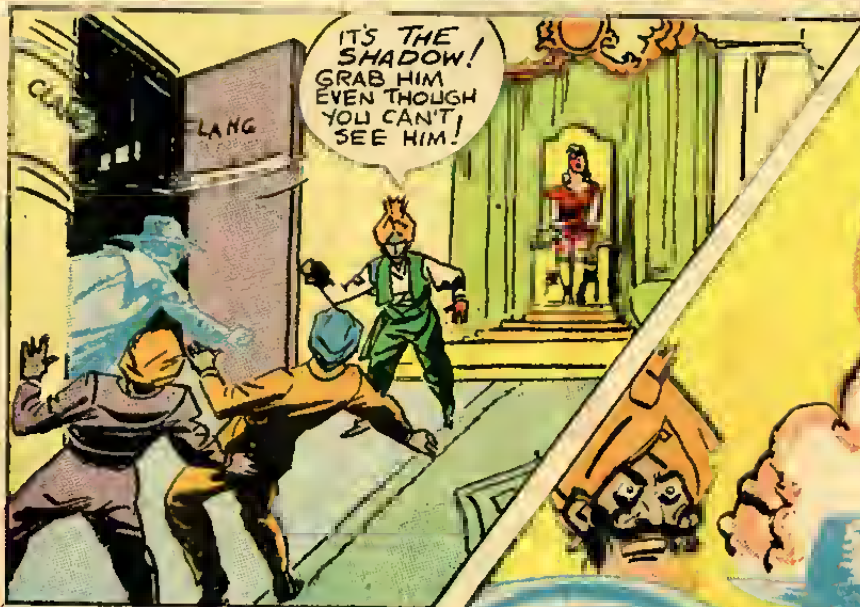
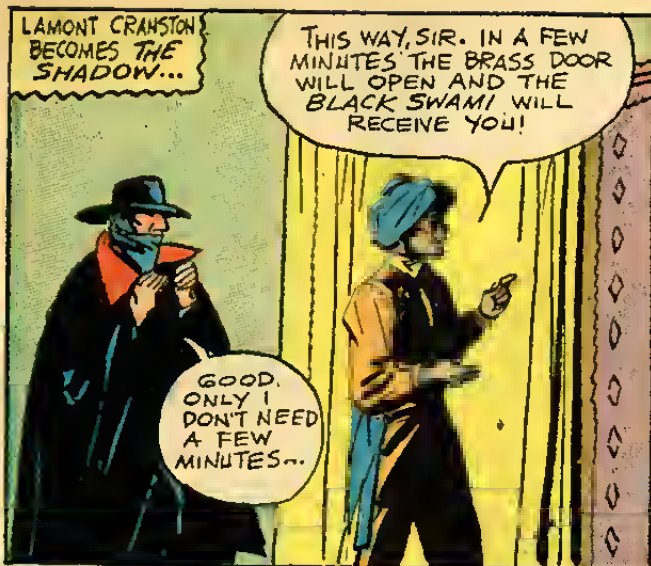




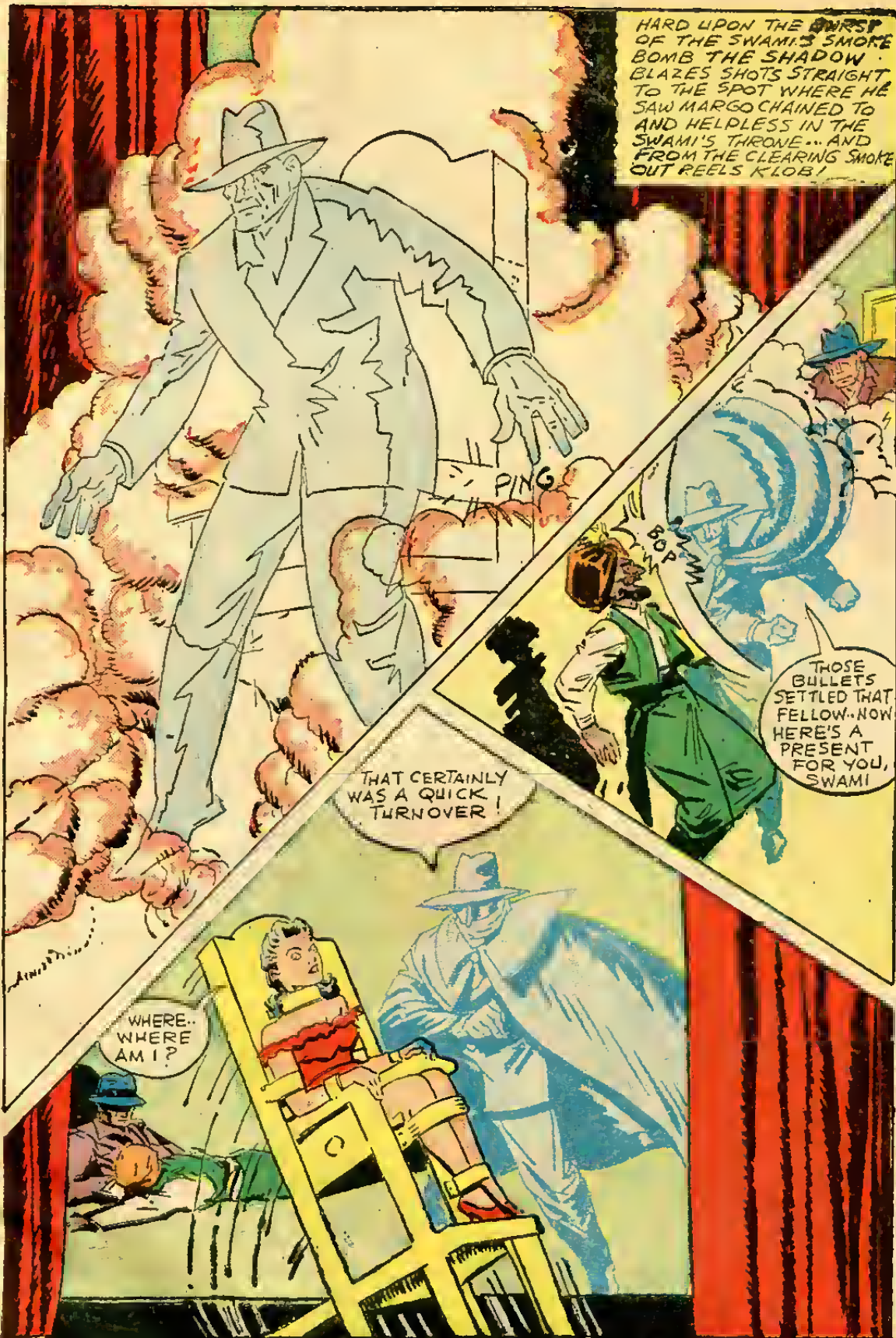








HARD UPON THE BURST
OF THE SWAMI'S SMOKE
BOMB THE SHADOW
BLAZES SHOTS STRAIGHT
TO THE SPOT WHERE HE
SAW MARGO CHAINED TO
AND HELPLESS IN THE
SWAMI'S THRONE... AND
FROM THE CLEARING SMOKE
OUT REELS KLOB!



THAT CERTAINLY
WAS A QUICK
TURNOVER!

THOSE
BULLETS
SETTLED THAT
FELLOW. NOW
HERE'S A
PRESENT
FOR YOU,
SWAMI!

WHERE..
WHERE
AM I?

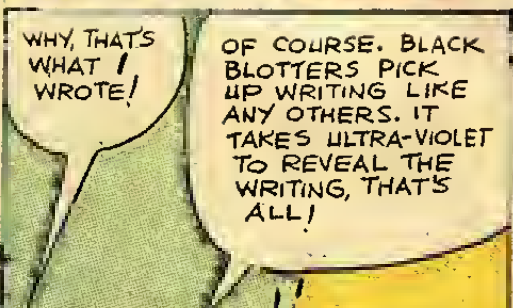


I SEE IT NOW! KLOB WAS PLANTED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS DOUBLE THRONE, HELD BY BONDS THAT HE COULD SNAP...

SO THAT WHEN **THE SHADOW** TRIED TO RESCUE YOU, HE WOULD GET KLOB FROM THE SMOKE INSTEAD! ONLY THE CLICKS FROM THE CHAIR GAVE THE GAME AWAY!

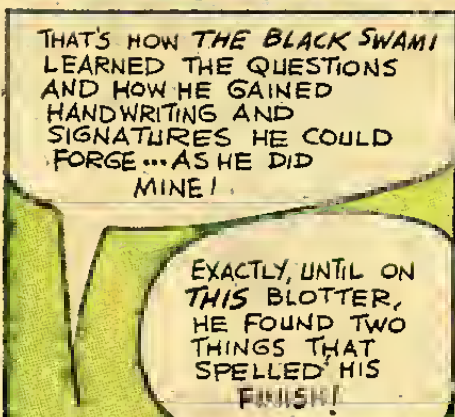


HERE ARE SOME OF THE SWAMI'S BLACK BLOTTERS! WATCH WHAT THEY REVEAL!



WHY, THAT'S WHAT I WROTE!

OF COURSE. BLACK BLOTTERS PICK UP WRITING LIKE ANY OTHERS. IT TAKES ULTRA-VIOLET TO REVEAL THE WRITING, THAT'S ALL!

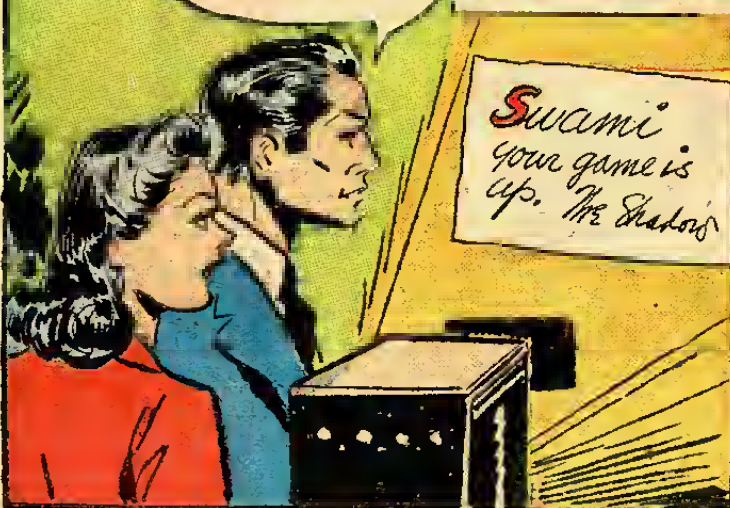


THAT'S HOW **THE BLACK SWAMI** LEARNED THE QUESTIONS AND HOW HE GAINED HANDWRITING AND SIGNATURES HE COULD FORGE...AS HE DID MINE!

EXACTLY, UNTIL ON **THIS** BLOTTER, HE FOUND TWO THINGS THAT SPELLED HIS **FINISH!**



Why did L.C. Send me here Margo.



Swami
your game is up. *The Shadow*

NOW YOU KNOW WHAT **CRANSTON** WROTE!

THE SHADOW

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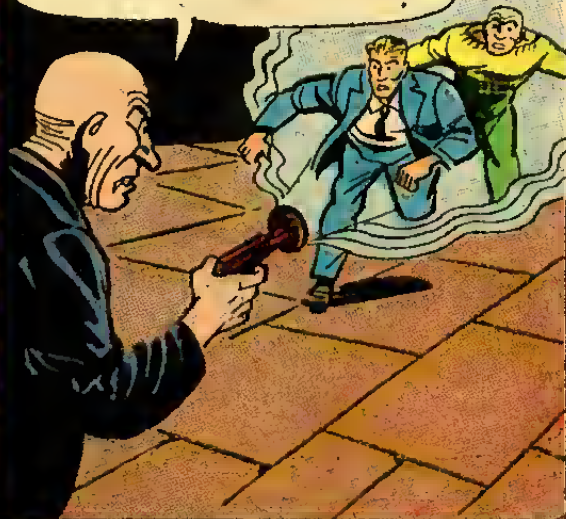
DOC SAVAGE

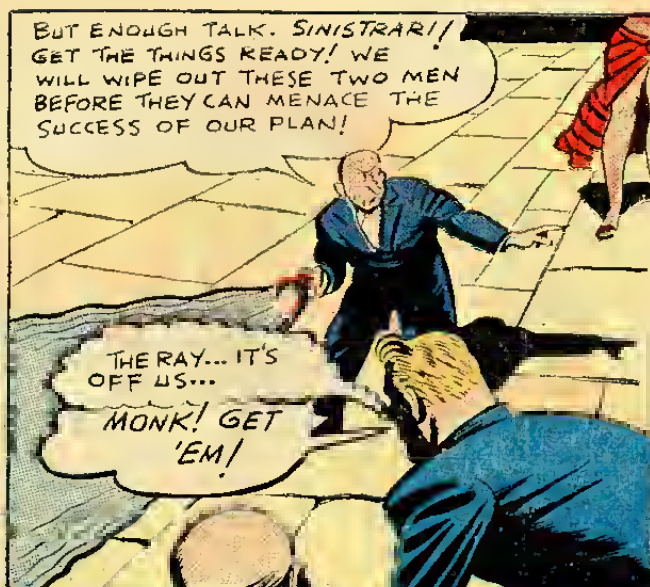
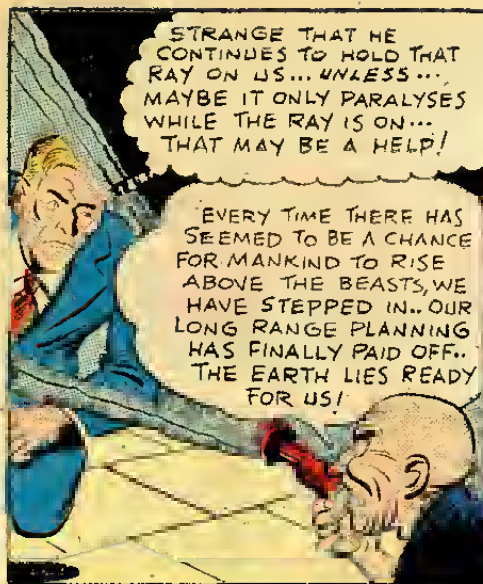
"CONCLAVE
OF EVIL"

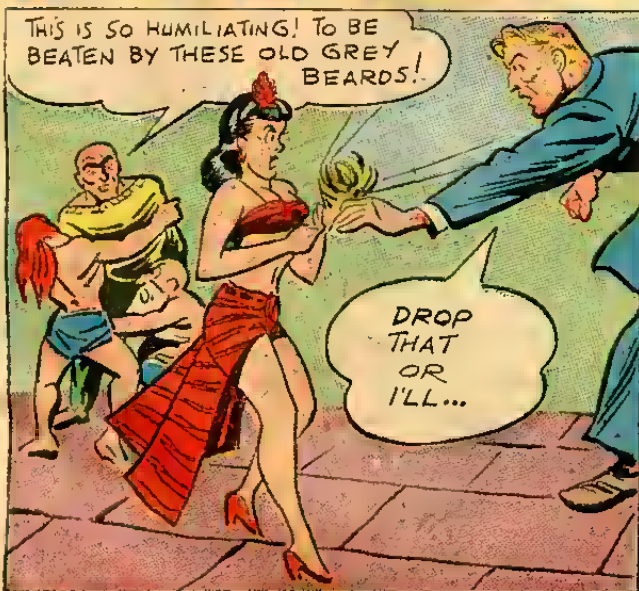
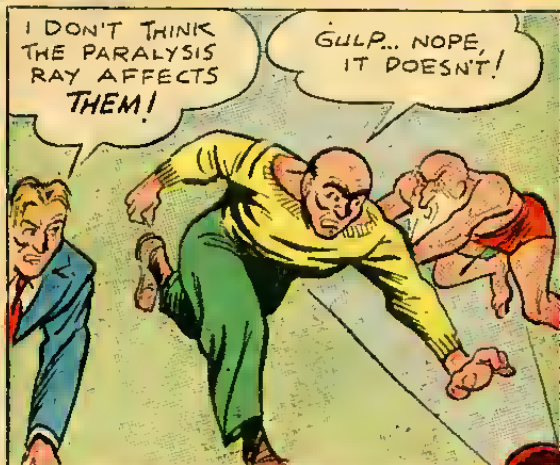
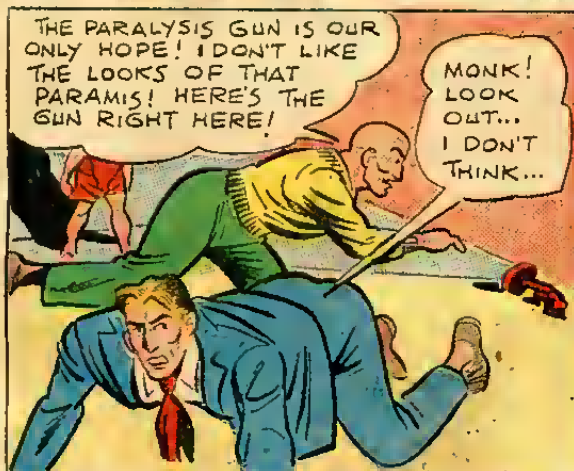


DOC SAVAGE ON THE TRAIL OF A CLUE THAT HE THINKS WILL LEAD TO THOSE WHO ARE BEHIND A 1,000-YEAR-OLD PLOT AGAINST MANKIND, HAS FALLEN INTO A TRAP. HE AND MONK ARE COMPLETELY HELPLESS, FROZEN STATUE-STILL, BY A RAY WIELDED BY AN ELDER OF EVIL!

FOR A 1,000 YEARS, WE ELDERS HAVE TRIED TO MAKE OUR MOTTO, THAT 'TO LIVE IS EVIL', COME TRUE. WE HAVE DECIMATED THE EARTH BY WARS AND PLAGUES... SOON OUR TIME WILL BE RIPE!









THE GROUND IS
SLIPPING AWAY...
THAT THING MUST
BE SOME KIND OF
A DE-GRAVITATOR
!

THE EARTH WILL
NOW HAVE THREE
MOONS! THE REAL
MOON AND YOU
TWO, ENDLESSLY
ROTATING ABOUT
THE GLOBE... OUT IN
SPACE!



JUST THINK YOU'LL
BE OUT THERE FOR-
EVER!... OF COURSE,
YOU'LL BE DEAD IN NO
TIME, BUT IT'S A VERY
FITTING END!

I'VE NEVER BEEN
SO HELPLESS
COMPLETELY PARALYZED...
AND WITHOUT GRAVITY,
DOOMED TO RISE OUT
INTO SPACE... THERE'S
~~NOTHING I CAN DO!~~

UP, UP... EVER
UP... UP THRU
THE PASSAGE
THAT LEADS
OUT TO...

DDDDDOC... GULP...
WE'RE STILL RISING...
BBBBUT... I CAN
MOVE A LITTLE!

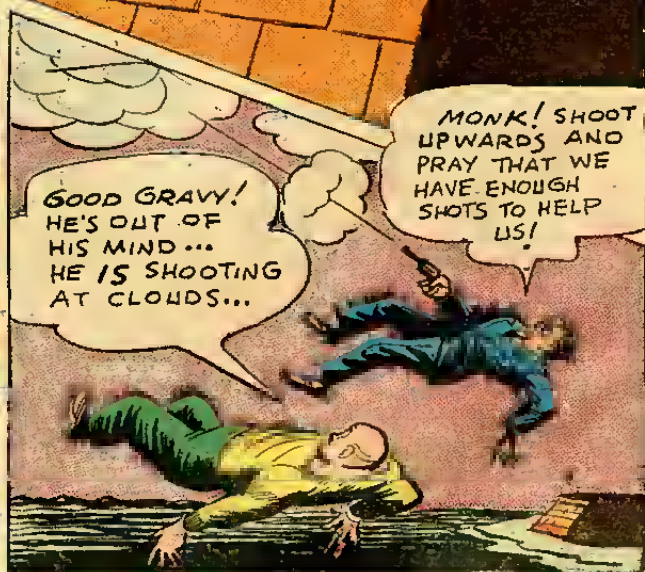
UMMM... THE
EFFECTS OF THE
PARALYSIS RAY ARE
OBVIOUSLY NOT CAPABLE
OF CARRYING TOO FAR...
BUT WHAT GOOD WILL
THAT DO US...?

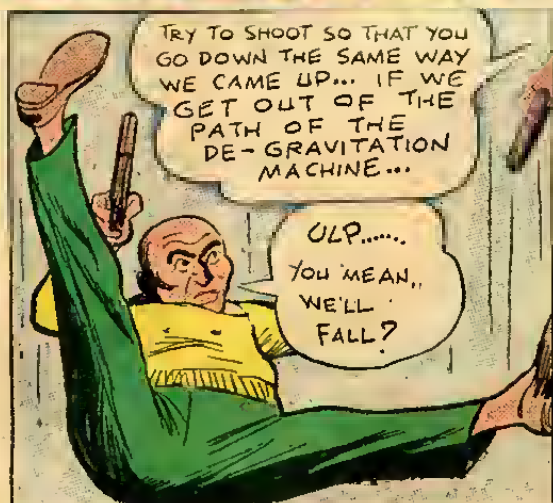
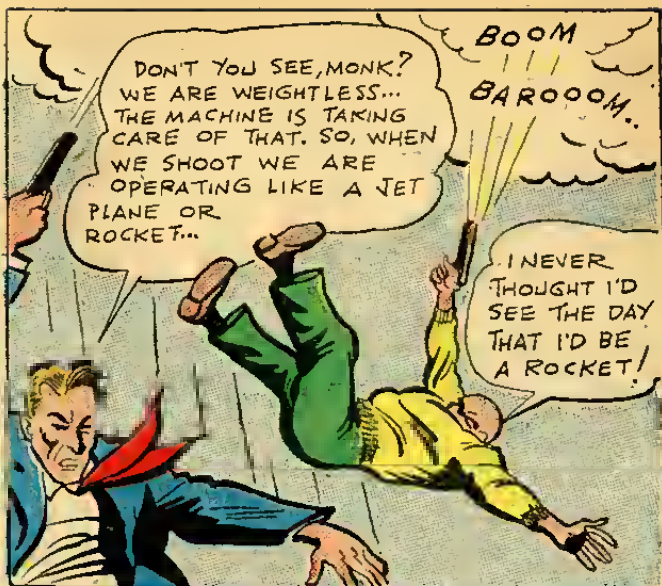
IF THE ONLY
EFFECT OF THE
DE-GRAVITATOR WOULD
WEAR OFF... BUT, I'M
AFRAID IT WON'T... MONK,
I HAVE AN IDEA! GET
YOUR GUN OUT!

GUN?
WHAT ARE
WE GONNA
DO? SHOOT
CLOUDS?

GOOD GRAVITY!
HE'S OUT OF
HIS MIND...
HE IS SHOOTING
AT CLOUDS...

MONK! SHOOT
UPWARDS AND
PRAY THAT WE
HAVE ENOUGH
SHOTS TO HELP
US!







WHOOSH... THAT WAS
QUITE A DROP... DOC...
ARE WE GETTING OLD AND
WEAK... OR HOW COME THOSE
OLD GUYS WERE ABLE TO
SLAP US AROUND?

WHEN WE KNOW
THE ANSWER TO
THAT, I THINK
WE WILL, ALSO,
HAVE THE ANSWER
TO THE MENACE OF
THE OLDERS OF
EVIL!



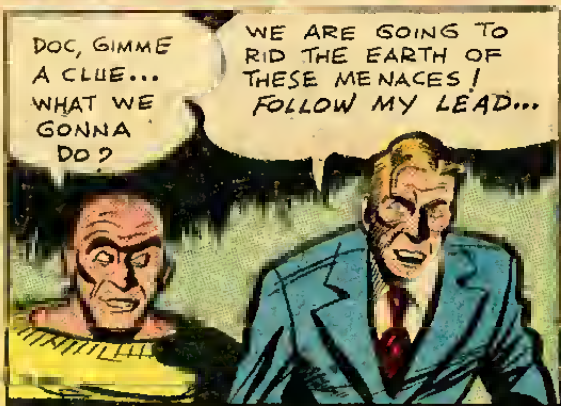
I MUST SAY THIS
IS A MUCH EASIER
TRIP BY AIR!

YOU CAN SAY
THAT AGAIN!
LISSEN, DOC...
WHAT WE
GONNA DO
WHEN WE
GET DOWN
THERE?



FIRST, WE ARE GOING
TO FIND OUT WHY
THE PARALYSIS RAY
DIDN'T AFFECT
THEM, ALTHOUGH
IT KNOCKED US
FOR A LOOP...
THEN...

YEAH,
THEN
WHAT?



DOC, GIMME
A CLUE...
WHAT WE
GONNA
DO?

WE ARE GOING TO
RID THE EARTH OF
THESE MENACES!
FOLLOW MY LEAD...

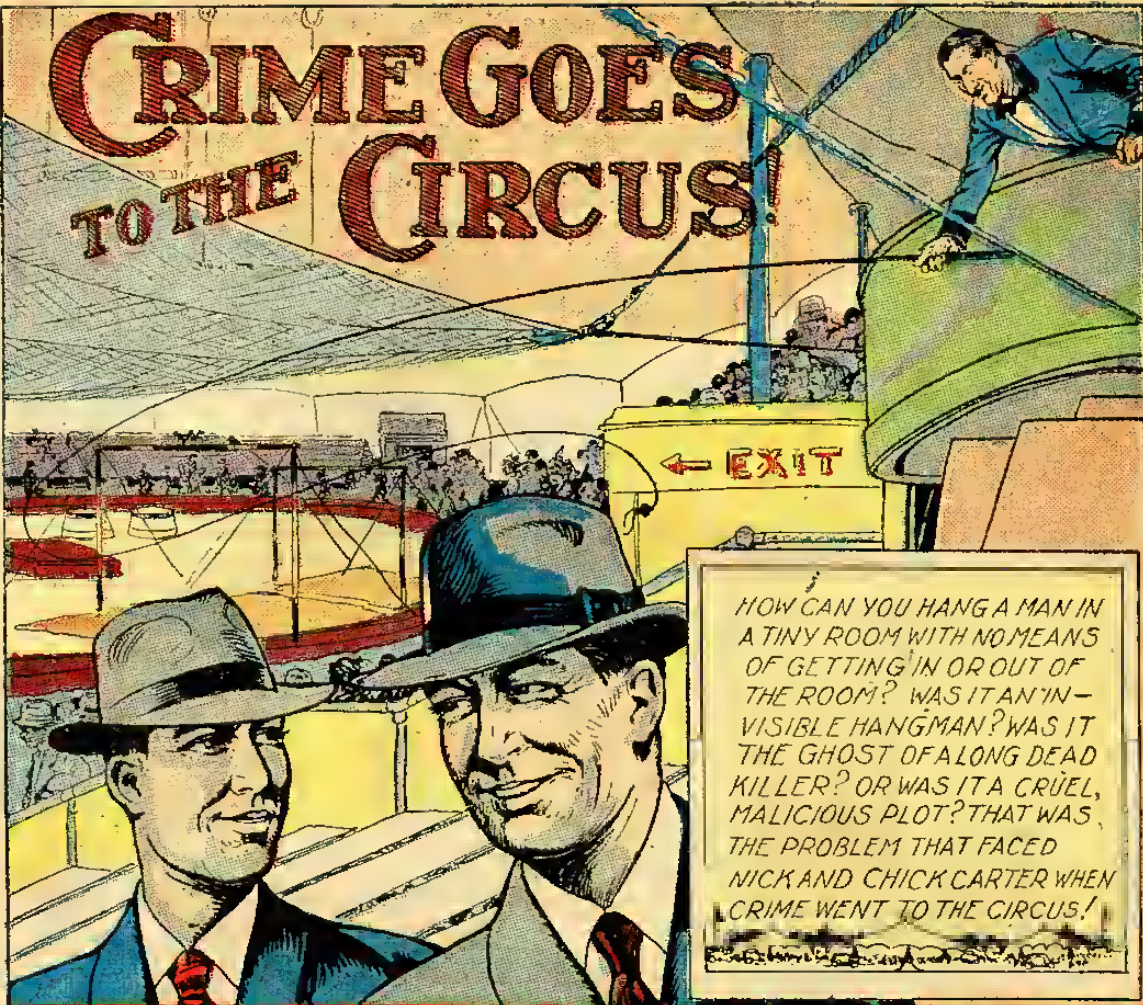
"WHAT IS DOC'S PLAN? HOW CAN HE
OVERCOME THESE SUPER-SCIENTIFIC EVIL
GENIUSES, WHO HAVE TOO LONG HELD
THE EARTH UNDER THEIR FOUL
DOMINION? READ THE NEXT THRILLING ISSUE!!



YOU CAN TURN
THAT OFF NOW,
SINISTRARI. THEY
ARE SAFELY DEAD,
OUT IN
SPACE!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK,
YOU OLD
GOAT!

CRIME GOES TO THE CIRCUS!

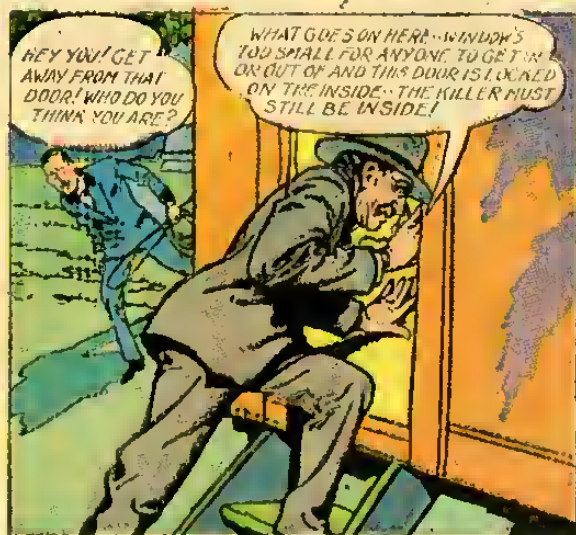
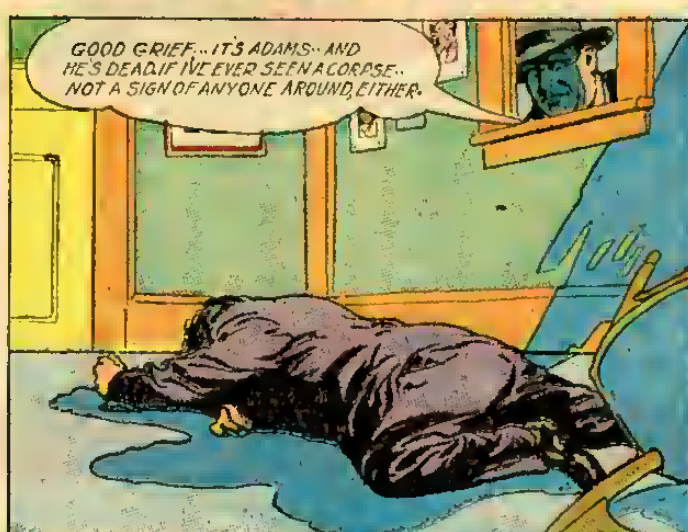
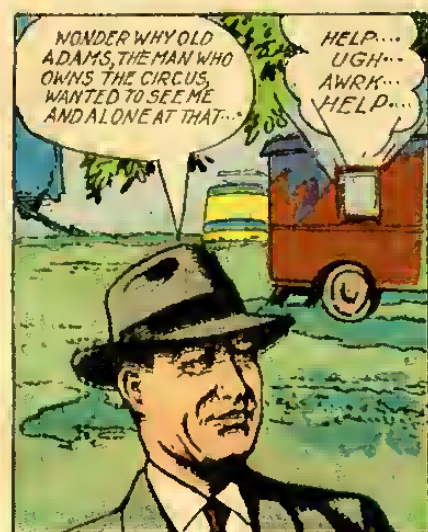
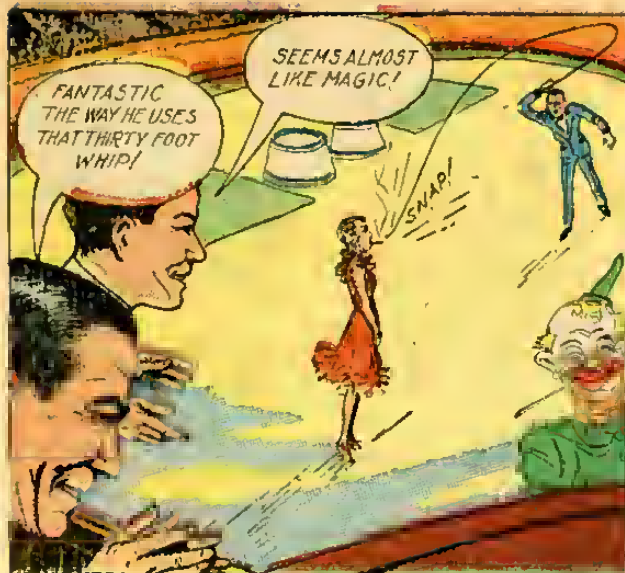


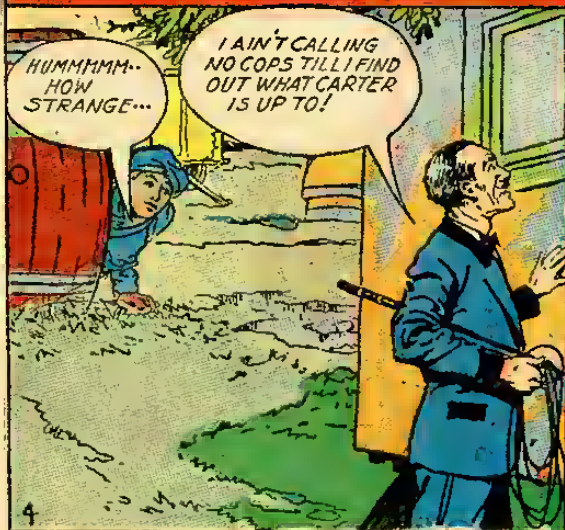
HOW CAN YOU HANG A MAN IN A TINY ROOM WITH NO MEANS OF GETTING IN OR OUT OF THE ROOM? WAS IT AN IN-VISIBLE HANGMAN? WAS IT THE GHOST OF A LONG DEAD KILLER? OR WAS IT A CRUEL, MALICIOUS PLOT? THAT WAS THE PROBLEM THAT FACED NICK AND CHICK CARTER WHEN CRIME WENT TO THE CIRCUS!



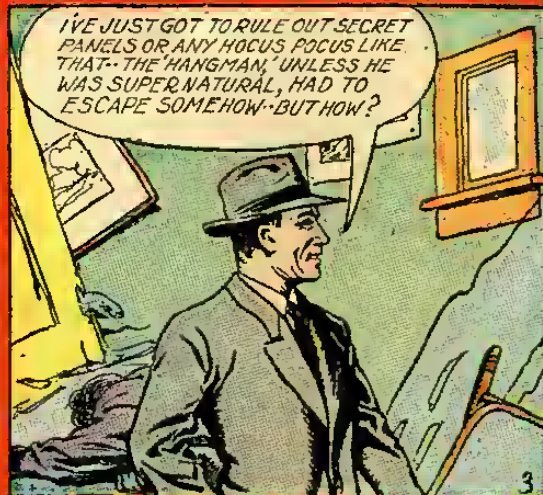
GEE--IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE'VE BEEN TO ONE OF THESE.

TOO LONG. STRANGE THE ATTRACTION THAT A CIRCUS HOLDS--IT NEVER SEEMS TO LOOSE ITS CHARM...



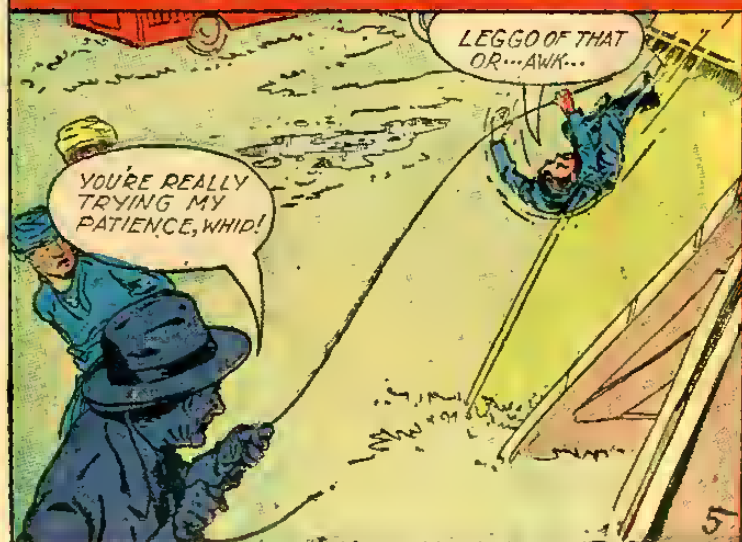


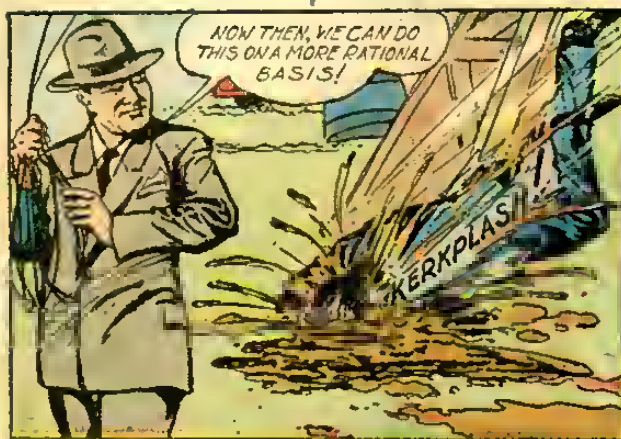
OUTSIDE THE WAGON, A CURIOUS SCENE TRANSPIRES--



NICK COMES TO A CONCLUSION--



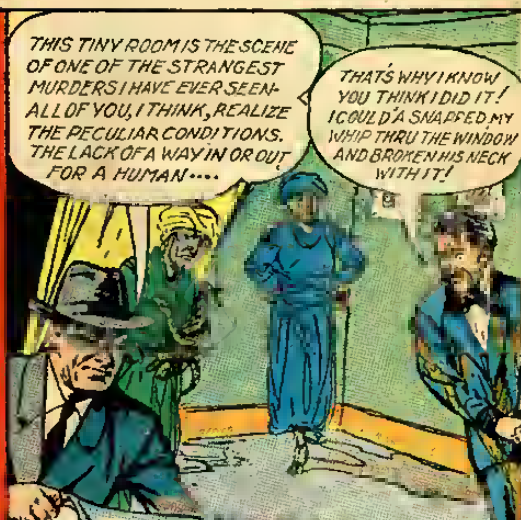






YOU SEEM DETERMINED TO HAVE MUD PACKS! WHY DON'T YOU RELAX AND LISTEN TO HIM?

A VERY GOOD IDEA-I WISH ALL OF YOU WOULD COME INTO THE WAGON FOR A MOMENT!



THIS TINY ROOM IS THE SCENE OF ONE OF THE STRANGEST MURDERS I HAVE EVER SEEN- ALL OF YOU, I THINK, REALIZE THE PECULIAR CONDITIONS. THE LACK OF A WAY IN OR OUT FOR A HUMAN....

THAT'S WHY I KNOW YOU THINK I DID IT! I COULD'A SNAPPED MY WHIP THRU THE WINDOW AND BROKEN HIS NECK WITH IT!



NO--THE REAL KILLER TOOK NO CHANCE OF ANYONE SEEING HIM AT HIS DEADLY WORK! DID YOU, EELO?

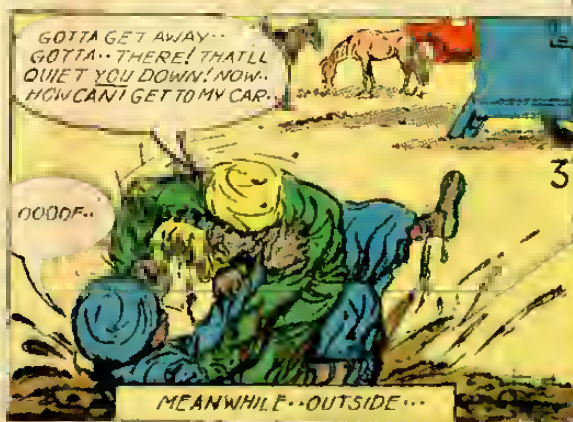
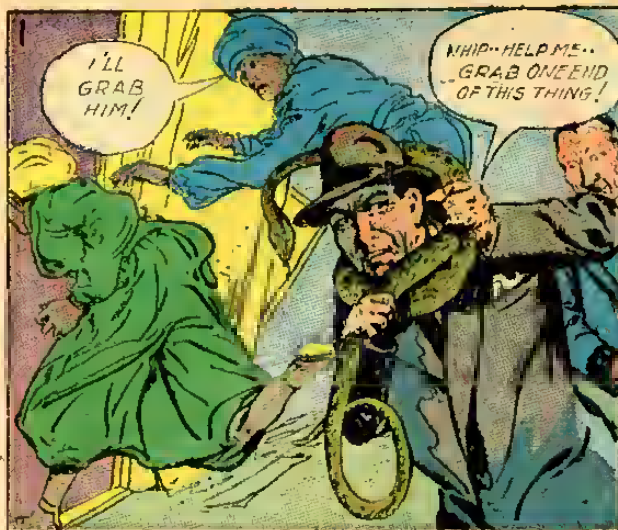
VERY CLEVER OF YOU, MR. CARTER! NO--NO ONE SAW ME--ALL I HAD TO DO WAS DROP MY PRETTY THRU THE WINDOW-- WHEN HER WORK WAS DONE SHE CAME CRAWLING BACK TO ME!

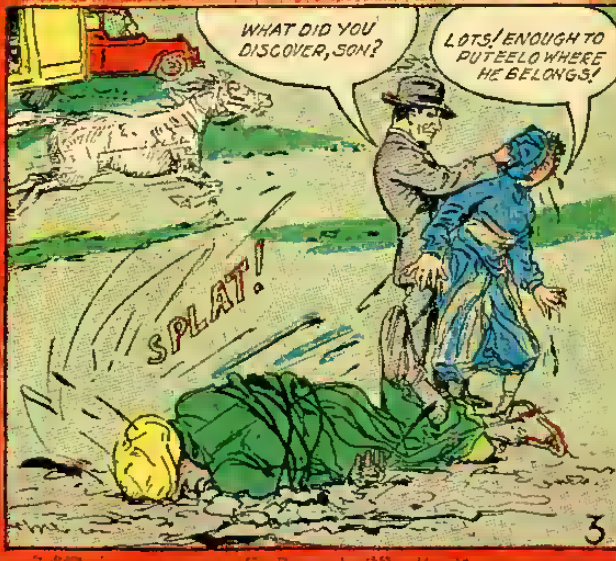


HERE, PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO PUT HANDCUFFS ON THE HANGMAN! HEH HEH!

YES OF COURSE YOU COULD HAVE AND THAT WOULD HAVE LEFT THE ROPY TRAIL IN THE MUD OUTSIDE--NOW WILL YOU KEEP STILL A MOMENT? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE WORK SO HARD TO FRAME HIMSELF! IF YOU HAD DONE THAT, THERE WAS A CHANCE SOMEONE WOULD SEE YOU!

UGH... DONT... GRAB HIM! DONT LET HIM GET AWAY!





NICK CARTER

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Inner Circle



'THE INVISIBLE CANNON!'

The members of the Inner Circle were more curious than usual, Chick Carter, chairman of the Inner Circle had had a good deal of publicity in the papers. It had to do with his solution of the case which the sensational papers had dubbed The Mystery of the Invisible Cannon . . . or the Vanishing Giant.

The members watched Chick almost in awe as he ascended the rostrum in the front of their meeting place. He cleared his throat, looked around, gulped a quick drink of water and then said, "Okay, I can take a hint! I was going to tell you of a crime that happened about ten years ago, but I can see that you're all agog over this new case."

"You bet we are," said Beef. "It's been driving us nuts! What was the 'Invisible Cannon' . . . or was it a 'Vanishing Giant' . . . what were the papers going on so about? And why, after you solved the case, wasn't there any mention of the solution? It just disappeared out of the papers as though it had never happened!" Beef looked aggrieved as though it had been a plot against him, personally.

"This will have to be in strictest confidence," Chick said, and looked for the unspoken assent of the members. They all nodded and Chick continued, "The case, from beginning to end, was what the police call, an impossible crime. The circumstances were such that seemingly the crime could not have been performed, and yet had, and no two ways about it!

"Here were the conditions the police, and I, secondarily were faced with. A man, of

whom not too much was known, was found about twenty paces from a barber shop, on the street, in front of the tallest building in town, dead! And I mean dead! His head was crushed in by an old Civil War cannon ball that had been stolen from in front of the court house.

"His only known enemy was in the barber shop at the time of the killing. He was a rather pathetic 'has been.' He at one time was a baseball player, but an arm crippled with neuritis, has barred him from even the small time games in which he played.

"The baseball player, named Wingy Martin had an argument, a silly one about baseball, three days before the crime. The dead man, Wally Garden had called Wingy some harsh names. That was all we knew. Problem . . . Could a man, like Wingy, who was to all intents and purposes, one armed, because of his ailment, pick up the cannon ball, let alone wield it with such obvious strength as the killer had used. Echo answered . . . mmm . . . not very possible.

"I experimented, I'm fairly strong, but do what I could, I couldn't even pick up the ball with one hand, let alone bash somebody's head in. To top off the impossibility, investigation proved that the barber in the barbershop claimed to be shaving Wingy at the moment that death struck down Wally Garden!

"We found out later that he hadn't as a matter of fact shaved Wingy . . . that was one of the most curious aspects of the case. Just as the barber was about to apply the lather . . . Wingy jumped up out of the chair and yelled something . . . no one could say precisely what he said, for it was at that moment that the cannon ball struck Wally down. The crash was so loud, they said,

that it sounded like a gun going off!

"They ran out of the shop, Wingy with them. They found what the police found later, the corpse of Wally Garden."

"I tell you," Chick shook his head. "we really ran around like chickens with their heads cut off. Dig as we could, all we found were rumors, hints that Wally Garden had at one time or another shown too much enthusiasm for the Nazis. We found, too, that Wingy had fought with Wally at other times. These other times were all about Fascism. Evidently the fight over baseball which had been reported, was just one of many arguments the two had had."

"Wingy wouldn't talk, wouldn't give us any help at all. He said he hated people like Wally but that was all we could get out of him and that certainly wasn't any proof of murder."

"As I say, I had put my finger on the Invisible Cannon, in short order. I even knew the name of the cannon and so do all of you . . . don't you, Sue?"

Sue smiled and said, "Yes, it's name is *gravity*!"

Chick nodded his head. "You put your finger on it, all right. But even with that piece of information, I was still stuck, for I couldn't dope out the meaning of the clue of the shaveless shave!"

Sue looked completely baffled and Chick laughed at the expression on her face. "You don't have to feel bad about it. The police never did get it. At least not till after I called their attention to it. I might never have got wise either, if I hadn't found out that Wingy had a bosom pal, named Joe Barnett who was just about the same size as Wingy."

"I don't know whether you get it now, but it hit me like a bolt a lightning when I saw this guy named Joe. I taxed him with my idea and he confessed that I was right. Wingy had conned him by telling him that it was all just a practical joke!"

"A deadly joke. A joke that almost let Wingy get away with murder! You see Wingy had asked Joe to go into the barber shop and pose as Wingy. He was wearing a mask."

Sue snapped her fingers. "No wonder he couldn't allow the barber to shave him! The

mask would of course be hairless and give the game away!"

"Right!" Chick nodded. "You see, Wingy fell behind in his time schedule, and almost gave the barber time to shave Joe. Joe must have been very unhappy under the mask when time passed and there was no signal, no crash, which was to be the high sign that the practical joke was over."

"But the crashing cannon ball did come down and when Joe found out what the practical joke had been, he was too scared to come forward and explain his part in it. He was afraid he'd be held as an accomplice in the killing!"

Beef said, "All right, so I see how the alibi was worked, but what has gravity got to do with a one armed man being able to brain another man? I thought you said, you'd proved it was impossible for a person with one arm to clout someone else with the cannon ball!"

"I did!" said Chick. "But gravity, as Sue pointed out, took care of the impetus! You see, we had the wrong picture in our minds of the crime. We pictured two men fighting on the street and one picking up the cannon ball and hitting the other with it! Well, that was where we were all wrong! You see, Wingy, his alibi safe in the barber shop, was waiting up on the tenth floor of the office building with the ball. When Wingy saw Wally standing on the street, he pushed the ball off the window sill. That's all. . . ."

Beef said, "Whoa . . . whaddye mean that's all? How come such a big mystery surrounds all this. Why wasn't it in the papers? What happened to Wingy?"

Chick sighed and said, "There's a good reason for it's being a secret! You see, Wingy was right in despising Garden! He was not only a Nazi sympathizer, he was on the pay roll of the Fascist Underground! That was the first thing the police found when they went through Garden's papers after his death! I don't know what will be done with Wingy. . . ."

The meeting broke up and as the members left, Sue said to Chick, "All that trouble that Wingy went through, taking the law in his hands, when all he had to do was call the F.B.I.!"

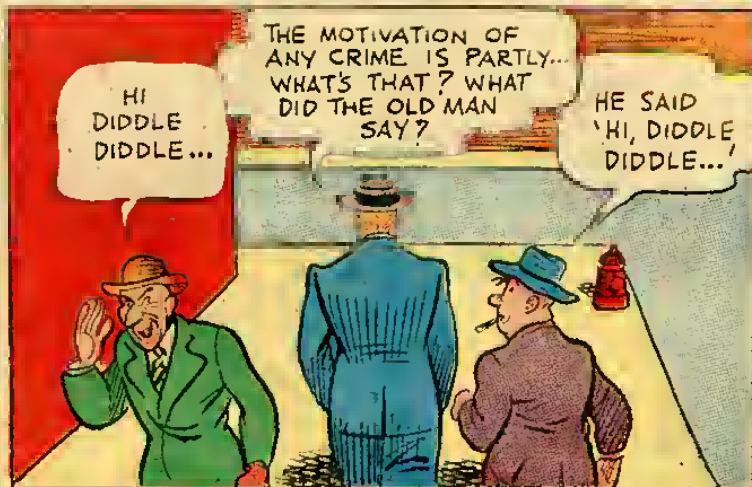
Chick nodded as they walked away.

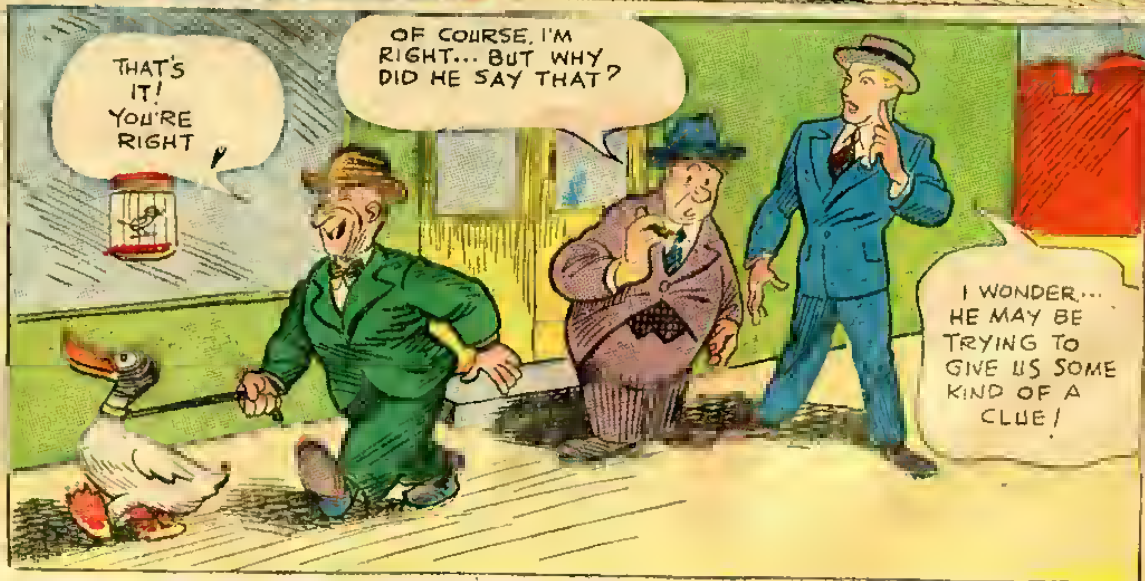
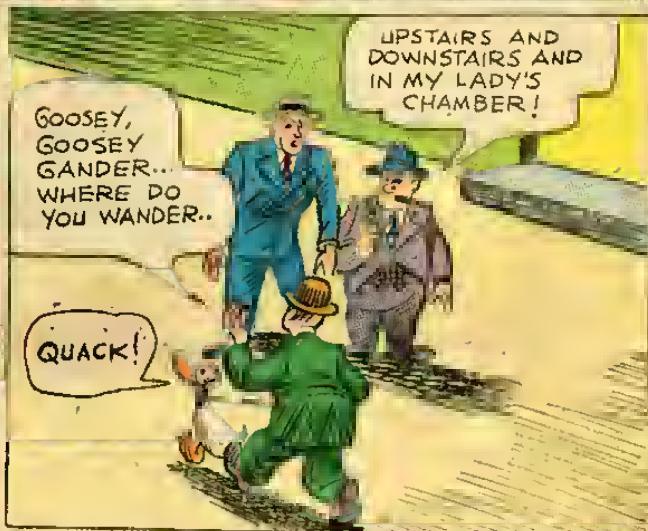
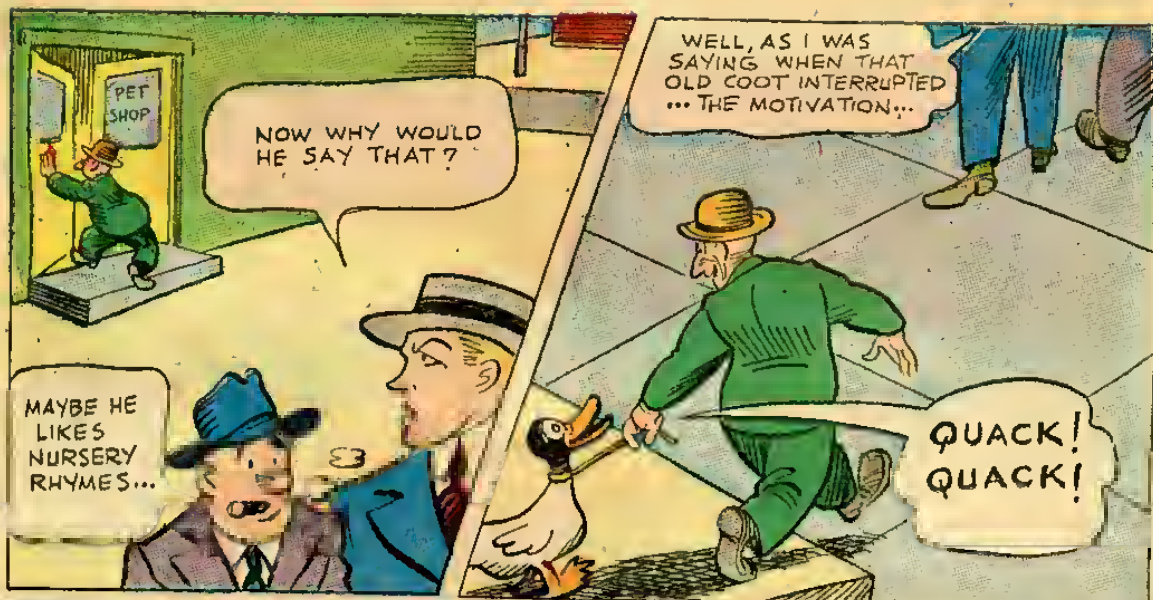
Flatty Foote

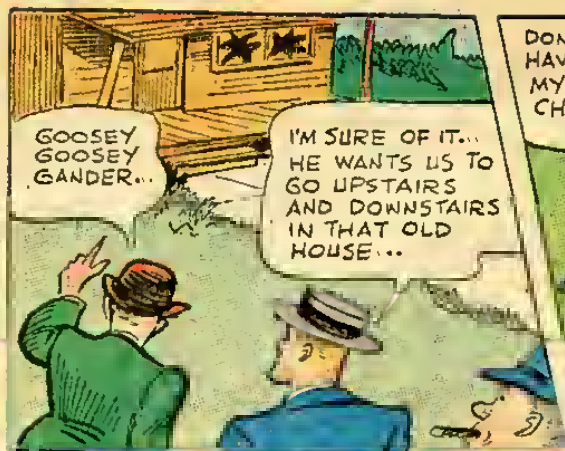
NURSERY RHYME
RIDDLE



GRANTED THAT THE
LITTLE OLD MAN
DIDN'T SEEM VERY
BRIGHT AND THAT HE
COULD ONLY TALK IN
NURSERY RHYMES...
STILL... THERE
REMAINED THE
PROBLEM OF WHAT
HE WAS TALKING
ABOUT...
ALL HE'D SAY WAS...
"HI, DIDDLE DIDDLE..."

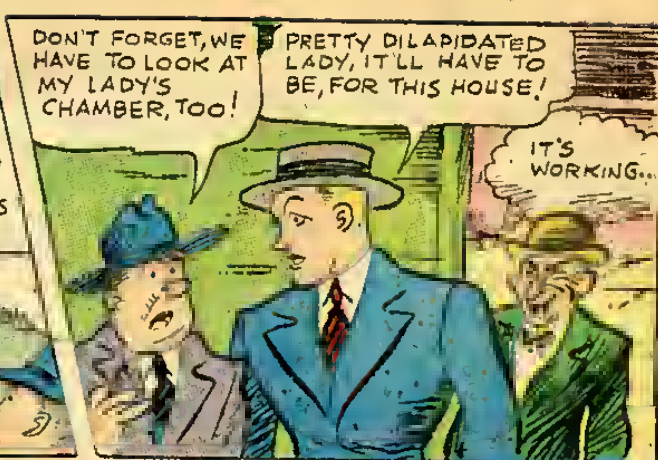






GOOSEY
GOOSEY
GANDER...

I'M SURE OF IT...
HE WANTS US TO
GO UPSTAIRS
AND DOWNSTAIRS
IN THAT OLD
HOUSE...



DON'T FORGET, WE
HAVE TO LOOK AT
MY LADY'S
CHAMBER, TOO!

PRETTY DILAPIDATED
LADY, IT'LL HAVE TO
BE, FOR THIS HOUSE!

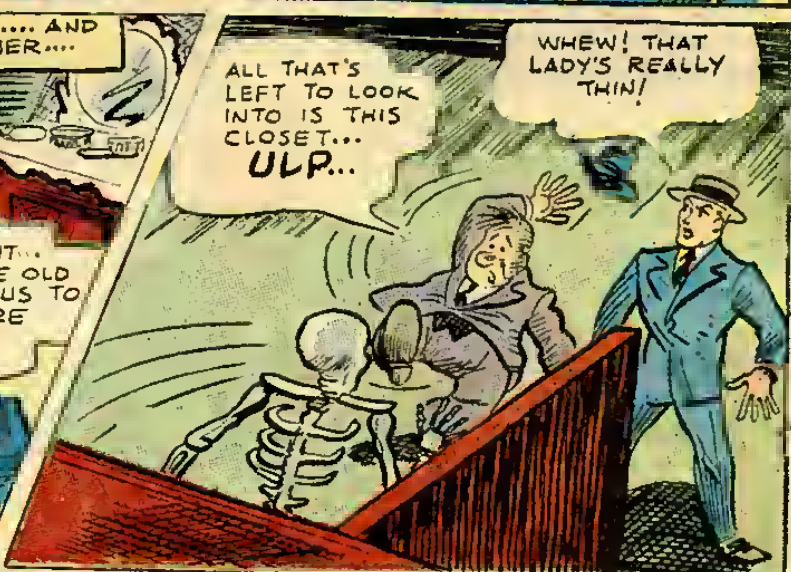
IT'S
WORKING...



UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS... AND
FINALLY MY LADY'S CHAMBER...

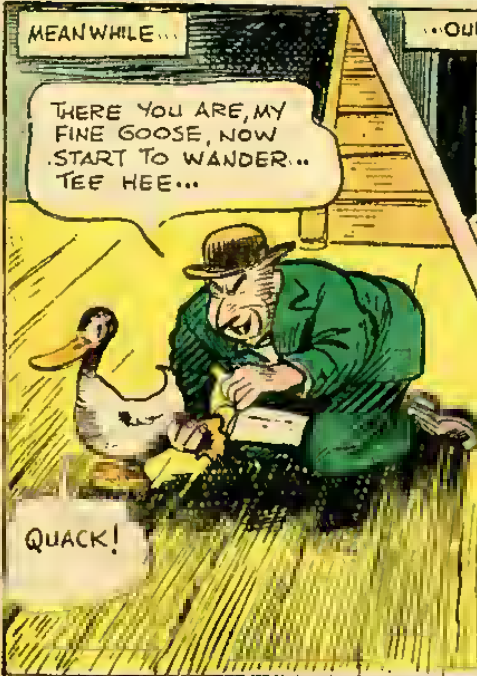
THIS IS THE
LAST PLACE...
IT IS THE
LADY'S
CHAMBER...

I DON'T GET IT...
WHAT DID THE OLD
COOT WANT US TO
COME IN HERE
FOR?



ALL THAT'S
LEFT TO LOOK
INTO IS THIS
CLOSET...
ULP...

WHEW! THAT
LADY'S REALLY
THIN!



MEANWHILE...

THERE YOU ARE, MY
FINE GOOSE, NOW
START TO WANDER...
TEE HEE...

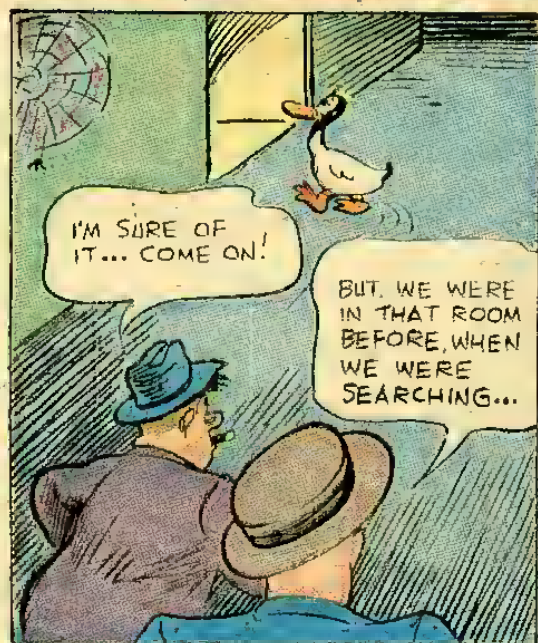
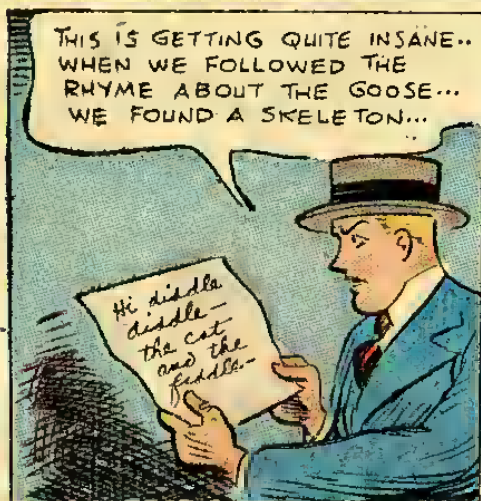
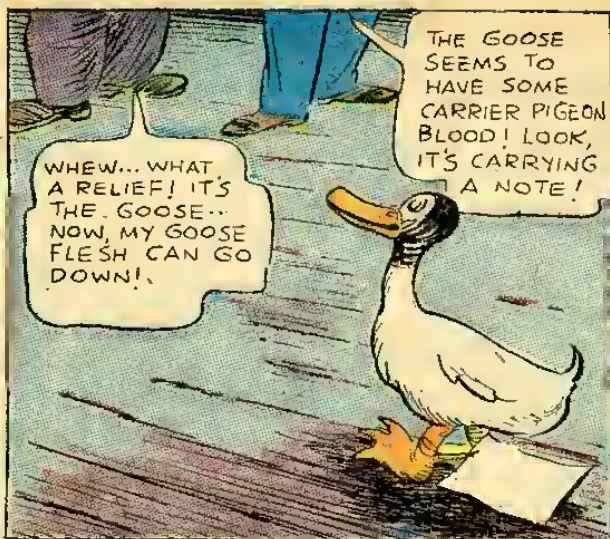
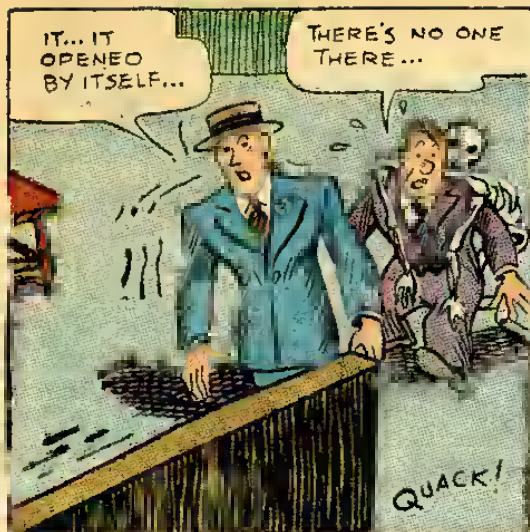
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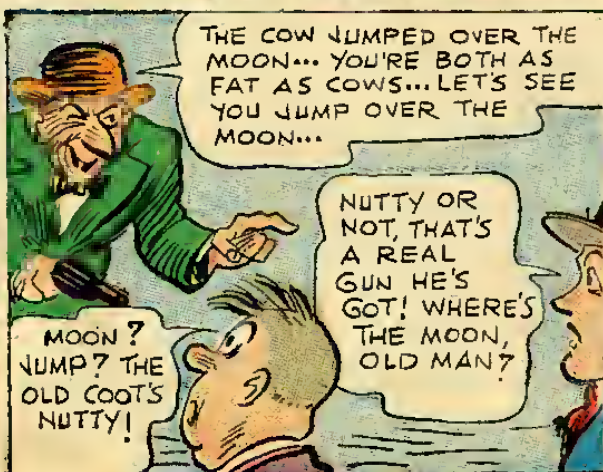
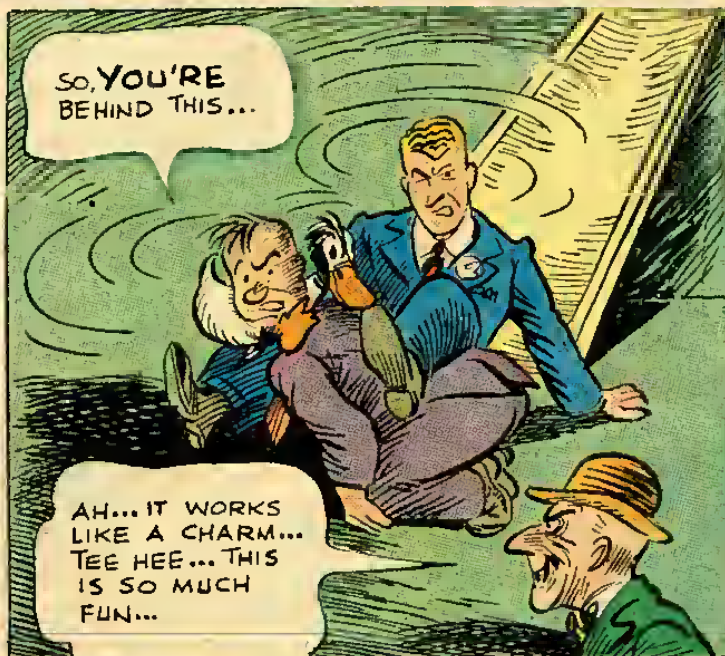
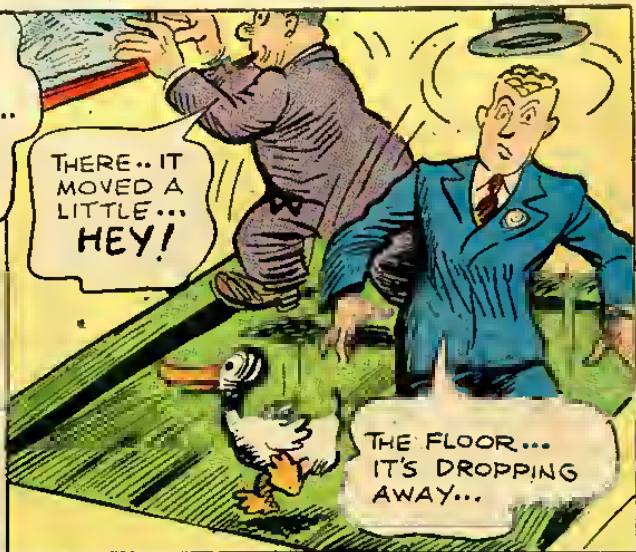
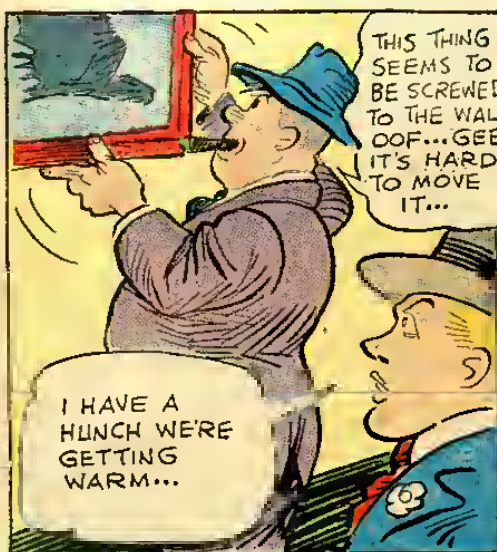


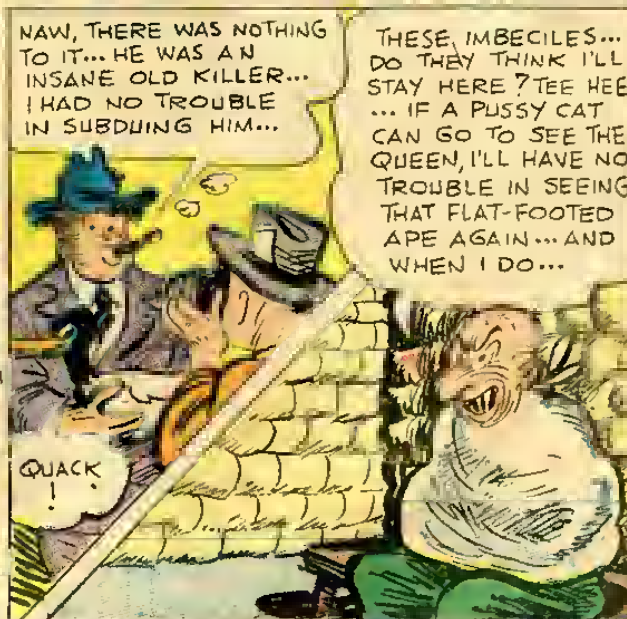
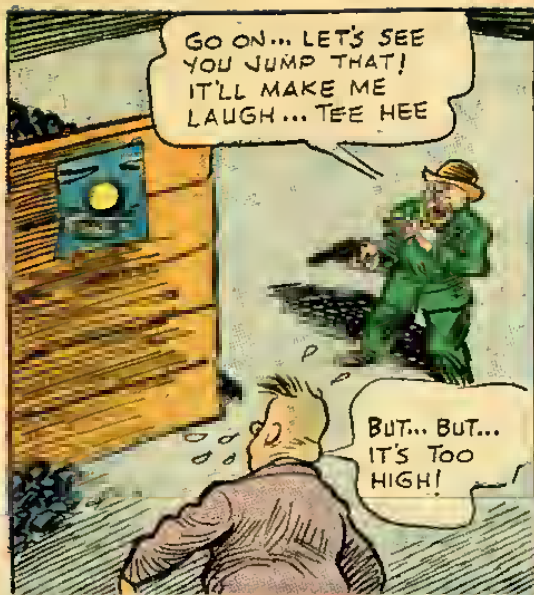
...OUR HEROES ARE STARTLED TO HEAR...

FLATTY... LOOK... THE
DOOR! IT'S OPENING...
GULP...

A FINE TIME FOR
ANYTHING TO
HAPPEN WITH
THIS DRAPED ON
ME... WHO CAN
IT BE AT
THE DOOR?



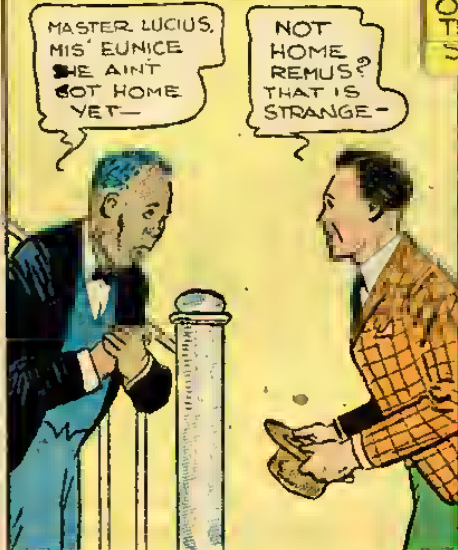




THE SENSATIONAL MARKLEY CASE

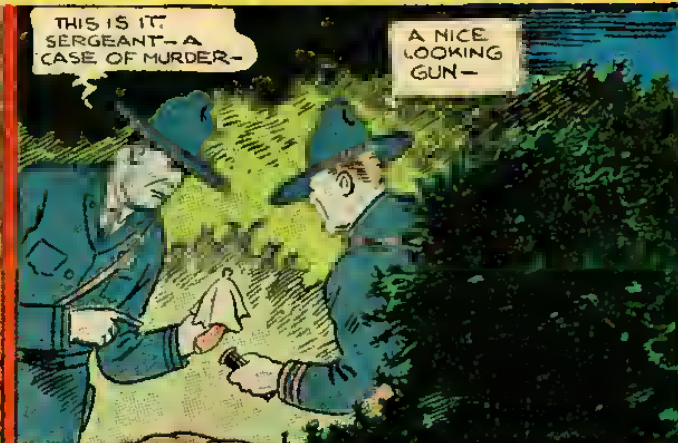
ANOTHER THRILLING NEWSPAPER ADVENTURE OF "BING" DALGREN, FAMOUS REPORTER OF THE TIMES-NEWS—

STORY AND PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHER



MASTER LUCIUS,
MIS' EUNICE
SHE AINT
GOT HOME
YET—

NOT
HOME,
REMUS?
THAT IS
STRANGE—



THIS IS IT,
SERGEANT—A
CASE OF MURDER—

A NICE
LOOKING
GUN—

HER UNEXPLAINED ABSENCE IMMEDIATELY CAUSED AN ALARM FOR A SEARCH TO BE MADE FOR HER—
FORTY-EIGHT HOURS LATER HER LIFELESS BODY WAS FOUND A FEW FEET FROM A MAIN HIGHWAY—SHE HAD BEEN SHOT TWICE—TWELVE FEET AWAY WAS A PEARL-HANDLED PISTOL—NEAR THE ROAD WAS A HOUSE KEY—

LUCIUS MARKLEY, JR. AND HIS PRETTY YOUNG BRIDE, EUNICE, HAD BEEN MARRIED FIVE MONTHS—HE WAS THE SON OF A WEALTHY SOUTHERN MANUFACTURER—SHE HAD BEEN A LOCAL BELLE—ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 22, 1934, YOUNG MRS. MARKLEY FAILED TO RETURN HOME—



IT'S TOO BAD,
SON, WE'VE
GOT TO TAKE
YOU—

THIS IS
PRETTY SERIOUS,
MR.
MARKLEY.



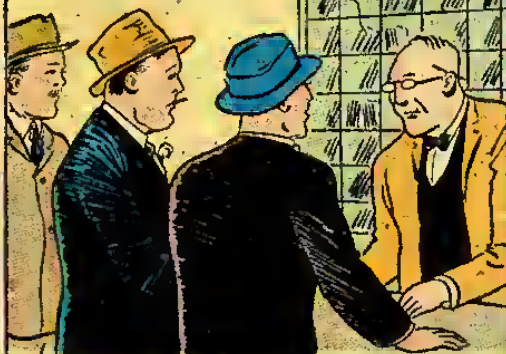
WELL, BOYS,
THIS IS A
LONG WAY
FROM BROADWAY.

IF THIS TRIAL
LASTS AS LONG
AS THE CURRIE
CASE WE'LL BE PEDDLED
IN FOR THE WILTER,
BING—

THE FINGERPRINTS ON THE PISTOL WERE THOSE OF HER HUSBAND, LUCIUS MARKLEY—THE HOUSE KEY FITTED THE MARKLEY DOOR—THEY HAD OFTEN HAD HEATED DISCUSSIONS BECAUSE OF MARKLEY'S JEALOUSY—THE POLICE SEEMED TO HAVE AN AIRTIGHT CASE—YOUNG MARKLEY WAS ARRESTED AND CHARGED WITH THE CRIME—

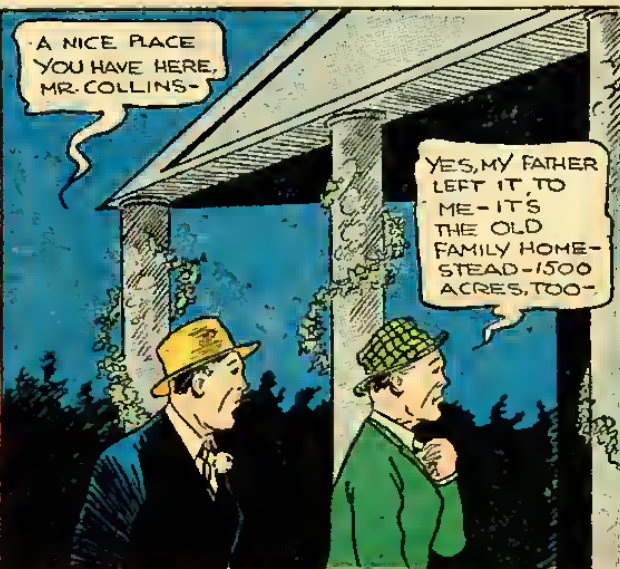
THE MURDER AND THE PEOPLE INVOLVED WERE SO IMPORTANT THAT ALL THE PRESS ASSOCIATIONS AND LARGE NEWSPAPERS HAD THEIR STAR MEN ON THE SPOT TO COVER IT—AMONG THEM WAS BING DALGREN, THE BRILLIANT REPORTER—

GENTLEMEN, WE ARE ABOUT FILLED UP— SOME OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE MAY BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU—



THE COUNTY SEAT TOWN WAS SO SMALL THE SINGLE HOTEL HAD DIFFICULTY IN ACCOMODATING THE VISITORS—EXTRA TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENTS HAD BEEN INSTALLED AND EXTRA OPERATORS TO HANDLE THEM—FAMOUS LAWYERS HAD BEEN ENGAGED BY MARKLEY'S FATHER TO DEFEND HIS SON—

A NICE PLACE YOU HAVE HERE, MR. COLLINS—

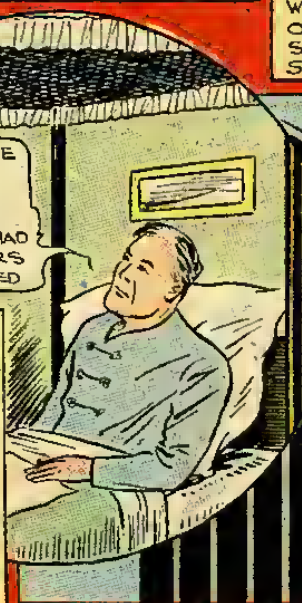


YES, MY FATHER LEFT IT TO ME—IT'S THE OLD FAMILY HOME—STEAD—1500 ACRES, TOO—

IN THE HOTEL DALGREN MET A PERSONABLE FELLOW WHO INVITED HIM TO LIVE AT HIS HOUSE DURING THE TRIAL—DALGREN ACCEPTED—HIS HOST, ANDREW J. COLLINS, WAS ABOUT 30 YEARS OLD—COLLINS, A BACHELOR, DROVE DALGREN TO HIS HOME, A STATELY, SOUTHERN MANSION WHERE HE LIVED ALONE—MR. COLLINS, LIKE OTHERS IN THE VICINITY, WAS BEWILDERED THAT SUCH AN ATROCIOUS CRIME COULD HAPPEN IN THE SEDATE, QUIET COMMUNITY—

WHAT A PLACE THIS COLLINS FELLOW HAS— THEY SAY THE MARKLEY BRIDE HAD A LOT OF SUITORS BEFORE SHE MARRIED MARKLEY—

AFTER A COUPLE OF MINT JULEPS WITH COLLINS DALGREN RETIRED TO HIS ROOM— HE BEGAN TO THINK— IN THE MORNING MR. COLLINS DROVE HIM TO TOWN WHERE DALGREN WAS TO INTERVIEW YOUNG MARKLEY IN THE COUNTY JAIL—



COME ON, MARKLEY, TELL ME THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THIS MURDER—

I TELL YOU, MR. DALGREN, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT—



MARKLEY DENIED ANY PART IN THE MURDER—HE HAD BEEN "CRAZY" ABOUT HER— WHY SHOULD HE KILL HER?—YES, BUT HADN'T HE BEEN EXTREMELY JEALOUS OF HER?— WEREN'T HIS FINGERPRINTS FOUND ON THE PISTOL?—

IF YOUNG MARKLEY KILLED HER HE CERTAINLY IS A FABULOUS ACTOR—



IT WAS ONE OF THE FEW TIMES DALGREN WAS A BIT PUZZLED— AT ANY RATE HE WROTE AND FILED HIS STORY— AND THEN MR. COLLINS ENTERED THE PRESS ROOM—

OH, ANDY, YOU'VE SOFT-SOAPED ALL THE GIRLS AROUND HERE—

YES, ANDY IS THE TOWN HEARTBREAKER—

WHAT A MAN, EH?



COLLINS LIKED THE LADIES AND HAD ARRANGED A FOURSOME, INCLUDING DALGREN— THE FOUR SAT AT TABLE FOR SEVERAL HOURS—

FEELEY
TIMES-NEWS

DRINK TO ME
ONLY WITH
THINE EYES
DALGREN

WHEN THE PARTY BROKE
UP, DALGREN SENT THE
ABOVE CODE MESSAGE
TO JOHN FEELEY. HIS
EDITOR-TRANSLATED, IT
READ, "SEND MINERVA
WILEY DOWN IMMEDIATELY"

HOW DO
YOU DO,
MR. COLLINS-

MISS WILEY,
MAY I PRESENT
MR. COLLINS-

I'VE SEEN MISS
WILEY'S NAME FOR
YEARS--SO THIS IS
SHE?

MINERVA WILEY WAS THE "SOB-SISTER" OR WOMAN WRITER
ON THE TIMES-NEWS--ORDINARILY, WOMEN WRITERS ON
NEWSPAPERS ARE NOT GLAMOROUS LOOKING PERSONS BUT
MISS WILEY WAS ALL OF THAT--MISS WILEY ARRIVED AND
OBTAINED A ROOM IN A LOCAL HOME--DALGREN INTRO-
DUCED COLLINS TO HER--

THIS IS QUITE
A THRILL, MISS
WILEY, TO MEET
YOU IN PERSON--
A REAL
CELEBRITY!

OH, I'M JUST
ANOTHER
WOMAN,
MR. COLLINS--

IT'S PROBABLY
THE FINEST
COLLECTION OF
GUNS IN THE
SOUTH--

IT'S
WONDERFUL--

COLLINS FELL HARD FOR MINERVA AND INVITED HER TO HIS HOME FOR DINNER THAT EVENING--HE SAID HE HAD NO ETCHINGS TO SHOW HER BUT THERE WERE SOME INTERESTING HEIRLOOMS--MISS WILEY ACCEPTED--THEY DROVE OUT TO THE COLLINS MANSION--

COLLINS WAS PARTICULARLY PROUD OF HIS GUN ROOM--GUNS AND PISTOLS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN DESIGN WERE AMONG THE COLLECTION--MINERVA WAS THRILLED--

STOP IT, MR.
COLLINS-- PLEASE
STOP--

MINERVA,
I LOVE
YOU--
I LOVE
YOU--

CHECK
ON COLLINS,
BING--

THE'S DOUBLE-
CHECKED, MY
LITTLE CHICKADEE--

THEN COLLINS BEGAN TO MAKE VIOLENT LOVE TO MISS WILEY--SHE RESISTED HIM--FRUSTRATED, COLLINS DROVE MINERVA BACK TO THE LITTLE TOWN--

THERE SHE MET DALGREN WITH WHOM SHE EXCHANGED BRIEF WORDS--COLLINS THEN DROVE DALGREN BACK TO HIS MANSION--

DALGREN SAYS, MARKLEY SURE TO BE CONVICTED. I EXPECT TO UNCOVER SOMETHING EXCLUSIVE, WHICH WILL ASTOUND THE PUBLIC. DALGREN MUST HAVE A NEW LEAD—

HE USUALLY DOES, CHIEF.

ANOTHER ONE OF BING'S HUNCHES, I SUPPOSE—

AND THE STATE WILL PROVE—

BACK IN NEW YORK JOHN FEELEY, THE EDITOR READ A LONG CODED MESSAGE FROM HIS STAR MAN, DALGREN— FEELEY CONFERRED WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF—

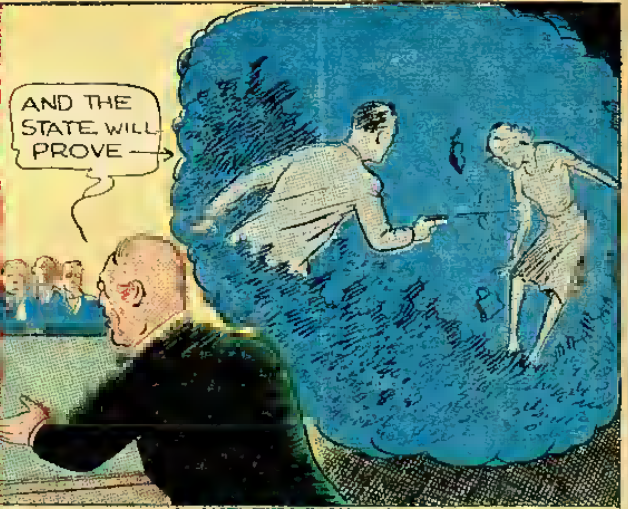
YES, SIR, THE FINGERPRINTS AGREE EXACTLY WITH THE DEFENDANT'S—

THAT IS ALL—

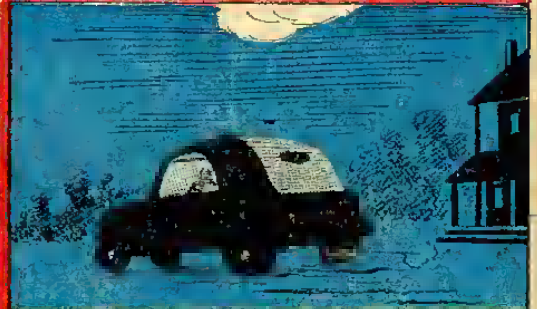
A FINGERPRINT EXPERT TESTIFIED THAT THE PRINTS ON THE PISTOL AND KEY WERE THOSE OF YOUNG MARKLEY—

OF COURSE— I'LL BE GLAD TO GO OUT TO THE POOL— I'LL BE READY TO MEET YOU IN 15 MINUTES—

IT WAS DEVELOPED HOWEVER, THAT NO ONE SAW HIM IN THE POOL THAT NIGHT— THE MAID SAID THAT AFTER MR. MARKLEY LEFT THE HOUSE THE PHONE RANG WHICH WAS ANSWERED BY MRS. MARKLEY— FROM WHAT THE MAID COULD UNDERSTAND, MRS. MARKLEY WAS TO MEET HER HUSBAND—



THE STAGE WAS SET FOR THE FAMOUS TRIAL—THE PROSECUTION OPENED—THE EVIDENCE SHOWED THAT MARKLEY, WITH INSANE JEALOUSY, HAD DRIVEN HIS BRIDE OUT TO A DARK SPOT AND SHOT HER TO DEATH— IN MRS. MARKLEY'S HANDBAG WAS A HOUSE KEY— ANOTHER KEY OF SIMILAR DESIGN HAD BEEN FOUND NEARBY— ON IT WERE YOUNG MARKLEY'S FINGERPRINTS—



THE FAMOUS DEFENSE LAWYERS ALSO WENT TO WORK—A MARKLEY MAID WAS PUT ON THE STAND— SHE SAID THAT ON THE NIGHT OF MRS. MARKLEY'S DISAPPEARANCE MR. MARKLEY HAD GONE SWIMMING ALONE IN A POOL A MILE FROM HIS HOME AS WAS HIS SUMMER HABIT—

SHE WAS TO MEET MR. MARKLEY—

MY GOODNESS, SHE NEVER STAY OUT LIKE THIS—

BUT MR. LUCIUS HE SAY HE DIDNT EVEN SEE HER—HE NEVER PHONED HER HE SAY SHE WASNT AT THE POOL—

IT WAS NOT UNTIL YOUNG MARKLEY RETURNED HOME ALONE THAT THE SERVANTS FEARED THAT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO MRS. MARKLEY— MARKLEY HAD BEEN SHOCKED AT THE BUTLER'S INFORMATION THAT MRS. MARKLEY HAD NOT RETURNED—



LOOK FOR HOT STORY FROM ME—
MARKLEY IS INNOCENT—HE WILL
BE CONVICTED, HOWEVER—ONLY I
KNOW WHO THE KILLER IS—
DALGREN

THE TRIAL WAS NEAR THE
END WHEN BING DALGREN
SENT THE ABOVE MESSAGE
IN CODE TO HIS CHIEF—

June 1, 1934
Dear Andy,
Please cease your
attentions to me.
Lucius and I are
supremely happy in
our married life.
I've told you many
times I couldn't care
for you—I'll never
change my mind.
Sincerely,
Eunice Markley

UM—
THE
GUY WAS
BOTHERING
HER—

WELL, BING, OLD BOY,
THE PLACE IS ALL YOURS—
I'M GOING TO HIT
THE HAY—I'LL BE
SEEING YOU IN THE
MORNING—
GOO—
NIGHT—

THANKS,
COLLIE—
I'LL SMOKE
A BIT
AND GO
TO BED—

BING WANDERED INTO THE LIBRARY—ON THE WALLS,
AND TABLES WERE PICTURES OF MANY GIRLS—AMONG
THOSE ON THE WALL WAS ONE OF EUNICE MARKLEY—
STUCK BEHIND THE PICTURE WERE SEVERAL LETTERS
BARELY VISIBLE—DALGREN DREW THEM OUT AND OPENING
THE TOP ONE, HE READ IT—

HM—THE ONLY
PISTOL APPARENTLY
MISSING FROM
THE COLLECTION—
VERY INTERESTING—

AGAIN DALGREN ACCOMPANIED HIS
FRIEND ANDREW COLLINS TO THE
COLLINS MANSION FOR THE NIGHT—
COLLINS, HAVING TAKEN SOME EXTRA
DRINKS, BECAME SLEEPY AND RETIRED,
LEAVING DALGREN DOWNSTAIRS—

YOU MUST
DECIDE
BEYOND A
REASONABLE
DOUBT—

THEN HE PLACED THE LETTERS CAREFULLY IN HIS
POCKET—FOLLOWING THIS HE LOOKED IN THE GUN ROOM—
THERE HE NOTED THAT THE HOOKS FOR DISPLAYING A
PISTOL WERE WITHOUT A WEAPON—HE HAD ALSO
NOTED THE MORNING BEFORE THAT COLLINS HAD A
PISTOL RANGE NEAR THE HOUSE—NOW THE FAMOUS
REPORTER RETIRED—

IT IS THE SENTENCE
OF THIS COURT THAT
YOU, LUCIUS MARKLEY, BE
EXECUTED ACCORDING TO
LAW DURING THE WEEK
OF NOVEMBER 16TH—AND
MAY GOD HAVE MERCY
ON YOU—

THE NEXT DAY THE COURTROOM
WAS CROWDED—BOTH THE PROS-
ECUTION AND DEFENSE SUMMED UP
AND RESTED—THE JUDGE CHARGED
THE JURY—THEN THE JURY FILED
OUT TO FIND A VERDICT—

AND THAT
VERDICT FOUND
LUCIUS MARKLEY, JR.
GUILTY OF MURDER
IN THE FIRST DEGREE—

"JUSTICE FAILED THIS AFTERNOON. LUCIUS MARKLEY, THE INNOCENT VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE WAS CONVICTED OF KILLING HIS BRIDE, EUNICE. THIS SHOCKING MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE ——— ETC."

NEWSPAPERMEN FILED THEIR STORIES, TELLING OF THE CONVICTION OF YOUNG MARKLEY. ONLY BING DALGREN'S STORY BEGAN AS ABOVE —

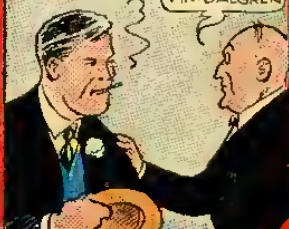
GOOD SHOOTING, MARKLEY— YOU'LL MAKE A GREAT REPUTATION AS A MARKSMAN BEFORE LONG—



THE COLLINS BUTLER IDENTIFIED THE PEARL-HANDLED PISTOL AS BELONGING TO COLLINS— A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE MURDER COLLINS AND MARKLEY HAD ENGAGED IN TARGET PRACTICE ON COLLINS' RANGE—COLLINS, AFTER PRACTICE HAD PLACED HIS HANDKERCHIEF AROUND THE PEARL-HANDLED PISTOL USED BY MARKLEY TO PRESERVE MARKLEY'S FINGERPRINTS—THIS WAS THE PISTOL FOUND AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME —

I SUSPECTED THAT MAN COLLINS RIGHT FROM THE START—

YOU CAN HELP ME, MR. DALGREN



DALGREN IMMEDIATELY CONFIDED HIS SUSPICIONS TO THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY —

RECONSTRUCTING THE CASE DALGREN PRESENTED EVIDENCE THAT POINTED TO COLLINS' GUILT—THE MAN WAS A "HEART-BREAKER"— HE LIKED WOMEN BUT REALLY LOVED EUNICE—HE ADMITTED THAT IN LETTERS FOUND LATER, SAVED AND HIDDEN BY EUNICE —

HERE'S ONE OF SEVERAL LETTERS I FOUND FROM COLLINS TO EUNICE BEFORE HER MARRIAGE—

And be sure, Eunice, if I can't have you, nobody else shall — And y.

YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN A DETECTIVE, DALGREN—



LUCIUS ASKED ME TO DRIVE YOU TO THE POOL TO MEET SOME FRIENDS OF HIS—

OH, THANK YOU, ANDY—



ALSO COLLINS FOUND MARKLEY'S HOUSE KEY IN HIS (MARKLEY'S) COAT— THIS KEY WAS ALSO CAREFULLY COVERED TO SAVE THE FINGERPRINTS— THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER IT WAS COLLINS WHO HAD PHONED EUNICE, TELLING HER THAT MARKLEY HAD ASKED HIM (COLLINS) TO DRIVE HER TO THE POOL— UNSUSPECTING, EUNICE JOINED COLLINS —

I WARNED YOU THAT NOBODY ELSE WOULD TAKE YOU FROM ME—



INSTEAD, COLLINS HAD DRIVEN THE YOUNG WOMAN TO THE WOODS WHERE HE SHOT HER, HOLDING THE PISTOL IN A CLOTH—LEAVING BOTH PISTOL AND KEY WITH MARKLEY'S FINGERPRINTS. COLLINS RETURNED HOME—

YOU WERE A GREAT HELP MINERVA—NOW YOU CAN GO BACK TO NEW YORK—I KNOW WHO KILLED THE MARKLEY GIRL—



THE SAME OLD BING —

HIS ATTEMPT TO MAKE LOVE TO MINERVA WILEY PROVED HIS SHEER AUDACITY— MISS WILEY WAS A SOPHISTICATED WRITER— DALGREN HAD USED HER AS BAIT— THIS CONVINCED BING THAT HIS SUSPICIONS FROM THE BEGINNING WERE SOUND —



COLLINS WENT TO TRIAL AND WAS CONVICTED OF THE MURDER — YOUNG MARKLEY WAS EXONERATED AND FREED —



DALGREN HAD SCOOPED THEM AGAIN

THORNTON FISHER

FAMOUS PIRATES IN HISTORY.

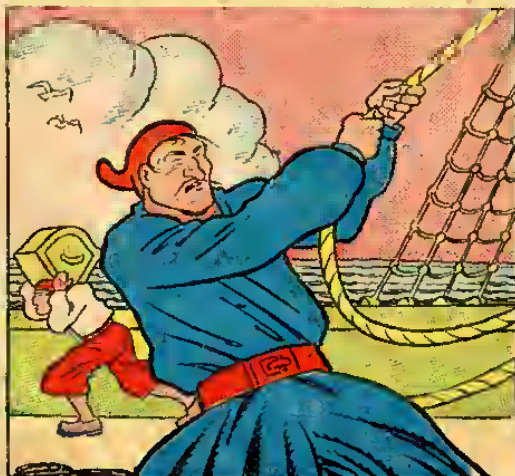
BENITO DE SOTO

BY
CHARLES WESSELL

THE TRUE STORY OF ONE OF THE BLOODIEST PIRATES WHO BELIEVED THAT "DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES," BUT FOUND THAT THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE SOMETIMES BRINGS THOSE "DEAD MEN" BACK ALIVE!

THIS RUTHLESS, MURDEROUS OUTLAW, WHO TAUGHT HIS MEN TO KILL WITHOUT MERCY, STARTED AS AN HONEST MARINER---BUT READ THE FOLLOWING PAGES!

BENITO DE SOTO BEGAN ON THE WRONG ROAD WHEN HE SHIPPED WITH A SLAVER OUT OF BUENOS AYRES FOR THE AFRICAN COAST IN 1825.



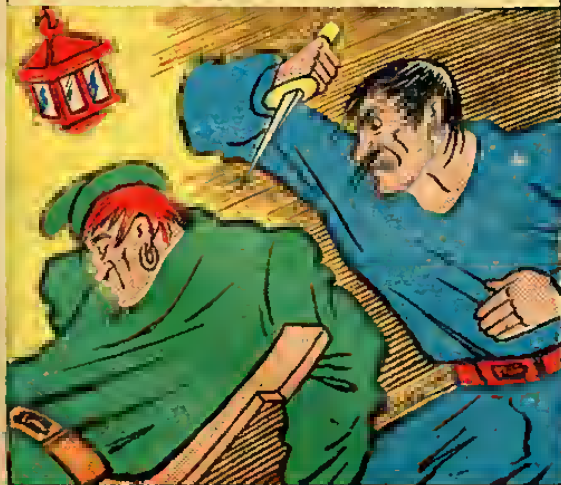
WILL YOU LUBBERS DIE POOR OR JOIN ME "ON THE ACCOUNT?" SPEAK!

AYE!



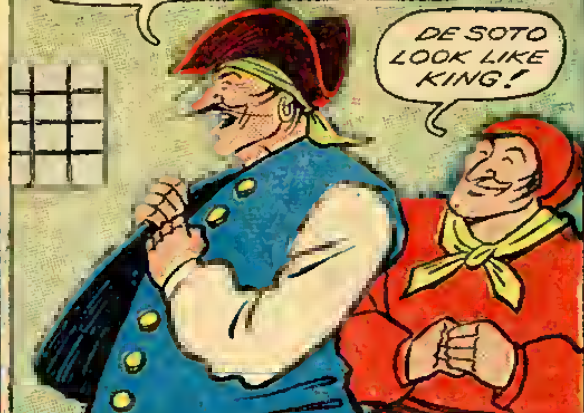
AFTER LOADING THE SHIP WITH SLAVES, DE SOTO STARTED A MUTINY AND STOLE THE SHIP, WHILE THE CAPTAIN WAS ASHORE COMPLETING HIS TRANSACTIONS WITH THE SLAVE DEALERS.

THEN SUSPECTING HIS FIRST MATE AND PARTNER IN CRIME, HE THREW A DRUNKEN PARTY AND MURDERED THE MATE IN HIS SLEEP!



NOW, WE RICH! DE SOTO, HE DRESS LIKE CAP-I-TAN!

DE SOTO LOOK LIKE KING!



WHEREUPON, DE SOTO SET SAIL FOR THE WEST INDIES, WHERE HE RECEIVED A GOOD PRICE FOR HIS POOR SLAVES!

AFTER HE PLUNDERED MANY VESSELS, ONE OF WHICH WAS AN AMERICAN BRIG, WHICH HE LOOTED OF RUM AND SPECIE---

---DESOTO MURDERED MANY OF ITS CREW, AND HIT UPON THE DIABOLICAL SCHEME OF HERDING THE OTHERS INTO THE HOLD AND THEN SETTING FIRE TO THE SHIP!



-BUT TO AMUSE HIS CREW, HE LEFT ONE BLACK MAN ON DECK WHO SPRANG FROM PLACE TO PLACE IN MORTAL TERROR---

---UNTIL HE PERISHED IN THE FLAMES WITH AGONIZED CRIES!



DE SOTO'S SHIP WAS A FAST SAILER AND IN THE YEAR 1828 ON THE 21ST OF FEBRUARY, SHE SIGHTED THE SHIP "MORNING STAR" A BRITISH VESSEL LADEN WITH RICH CARGO, 25 INVALID SOLDIERS, A MAJOR, A SURGEON, 2 CIVILIANS AND 4 OR 5 OF THEIR WIVES! SENSING A RICH PRIZE, DESOTO GAVE CHASE.



AFTER A LENGTHY CHASE, WHICH INFURIATED DE SOTO, HE BROUGHT THE "MORNING STAR" TO BAY WITH A SHOT FROM HIS LONG GUN!

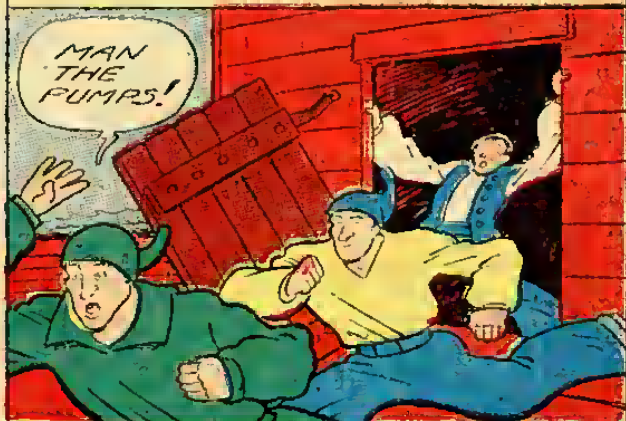


IN THE MEANTIME, THOSE ON BOARD THE "MORNING STAR" WERE IN ABJECT TERROR, AS THEY HAD NO ARMS OF ANY KIND!



BELIEVING HIS MEN HAD OBEYED ORDERS AND REALLY MURDERED EVERY SOUL ABOARD THE "MORNING STAR," DE SOTO SAILED FOR CADIZ!

BUT THE UNFORTUNATE SURVIVORS OF THE "MORNING STAR" BROKE OUT OF THE HOLD AND KEPT THE SHIP AFLOAT UNTIL THEY WERE RESCUED BY A PASSING VESSEL!

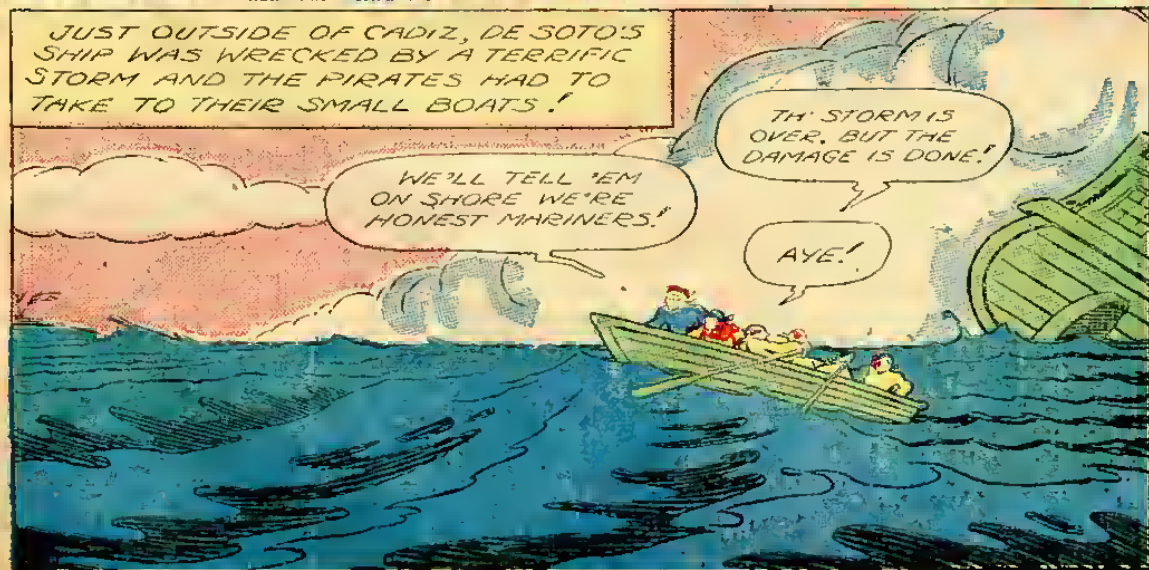


JUST OUTSIDE OF CADIZ, DE SOTO'S SHIP WAS WRECKED BY A TERRIFIC STORM AND THE PIRATES HAD TO TAKE TO THEIR SMALL BOATS!

WE'LL TELL 'EM ON SHORE WE'RE HONEST MARINERS!

TH' STORM IS OVER, BUT THE DAMAGE IS DONE!

AYE!



REPRESENTING THEMSELVES AS HONEST, SHIPWRECKED MARINERS DE SOTO AND HIS VILLIANS TRIED TO SELL THEIR SHIP IN CADIZ!



THEY ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT WHEN THE PORT OFFICIALS NOTICED DISCREPANCIES IN THE PIRATES' STORIES AND TURNED THEM OVER TO THE BRITISH!



THE COWARDLY, SNEAKING DESOTO ESCAPED TO GIBRALTER, WHICH HE ENTERED DISGUISED AS A MERCHANT, ON A FAKE PASS!



HOWEVER, THE BRITISH, AIDED BY INFORMATION FURNISHED BY SURVIVORS OF THE "MORNING STAR", SOON CAUGHT UP WITH HIM AND THREW HIM INTO PRISON!



AT HIS TRIAL, DESOTO WAS ARROGANT AND DEFIANT, BUT WAS CONVICTED ON THE TESTIMONY OF THE MORNING STAR'S "DEAD MEN" WHO DID TELL TALES!!



AND SO ENDED THE BLOODY CAREER OF BENITO DESOTO IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1830 AT GIBRALTER!

CHARLES WESSELL



The SHADOW

Trapped by the Talon



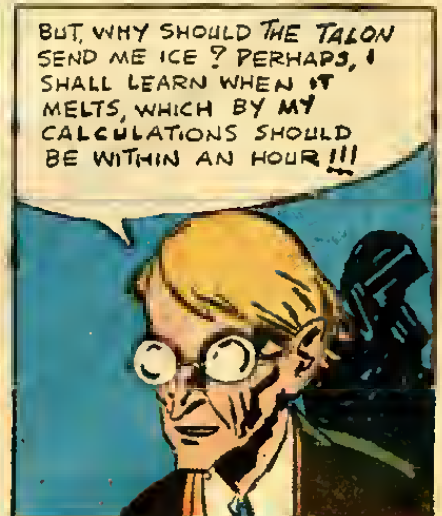
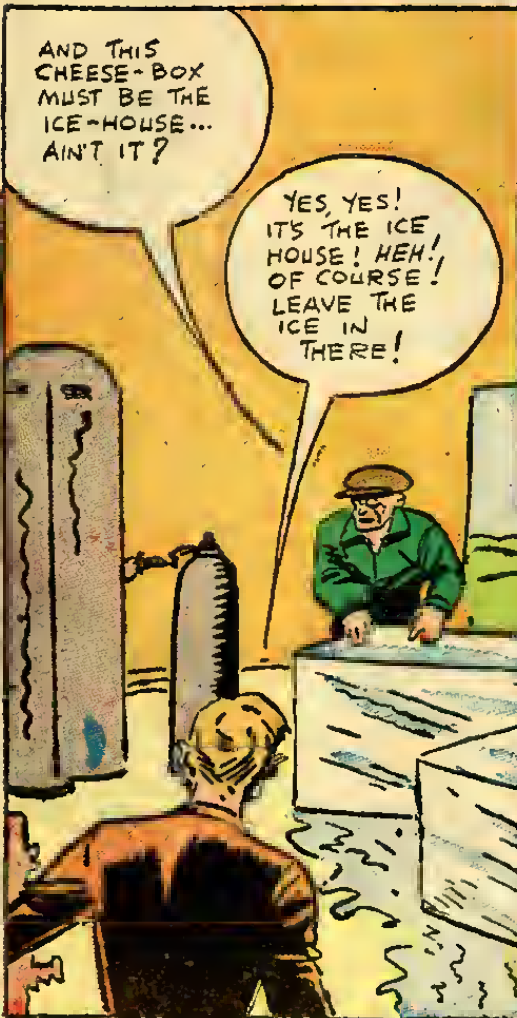
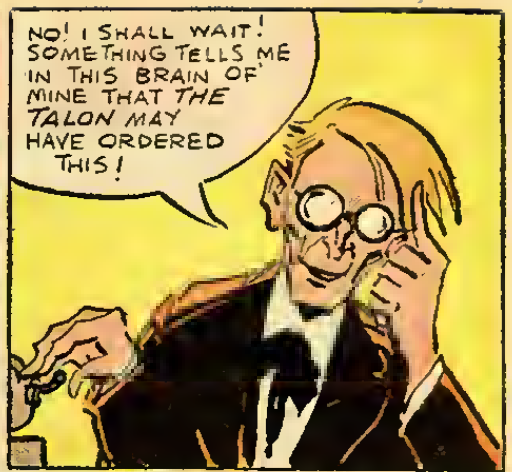
STRANGE, WEIRD SHUNNED BY MANKIND AT LARGE IS "HORROR ISLAND," A SPOT BELIEVED HAUNTED BY THE VICTIMS OF A GHOULISH MURDERER, WHOSE CRIMES WERE PERPETRATED A CENTURY AGO... ILL-LUCK HAS FOLLOWED ALL WHO VENTURE TO THIS ISLE, HENCE THE PLACE NO LONGER HAS VISITORS... INSTEAD, IT HAS GAINED A RESIDENT WHO HAS REASONS FOR HIS CHOICE OF SUCH A HAUNT!!!

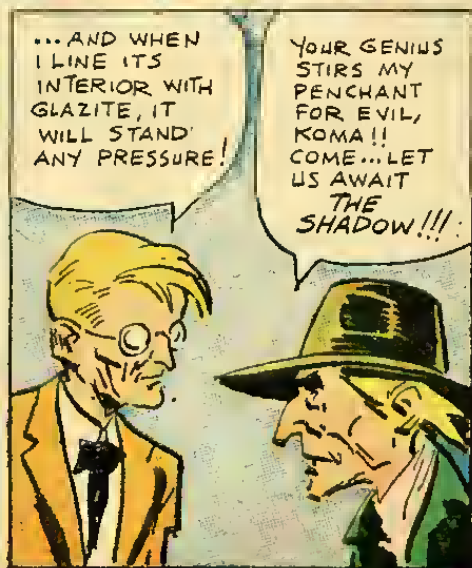
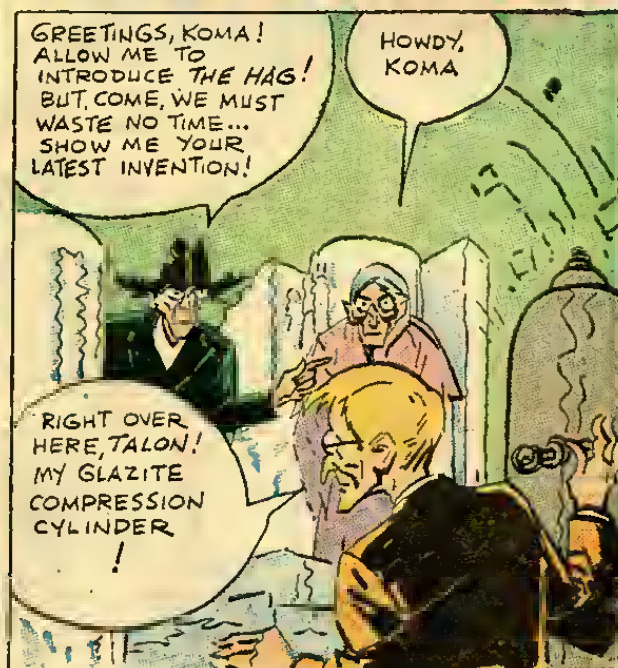
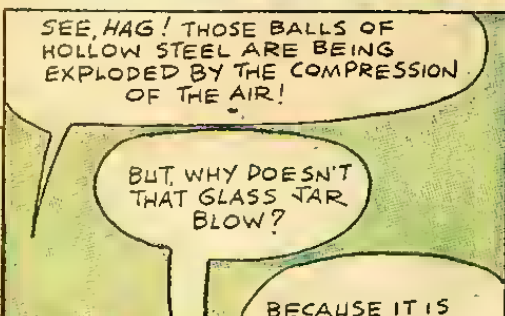
THEY CALL ME PROFESSOR KOMA, THE MAD INVENTOR! BUT I AM NOT CRAZY... HA HA... THOUGH THERE IS ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS IT!

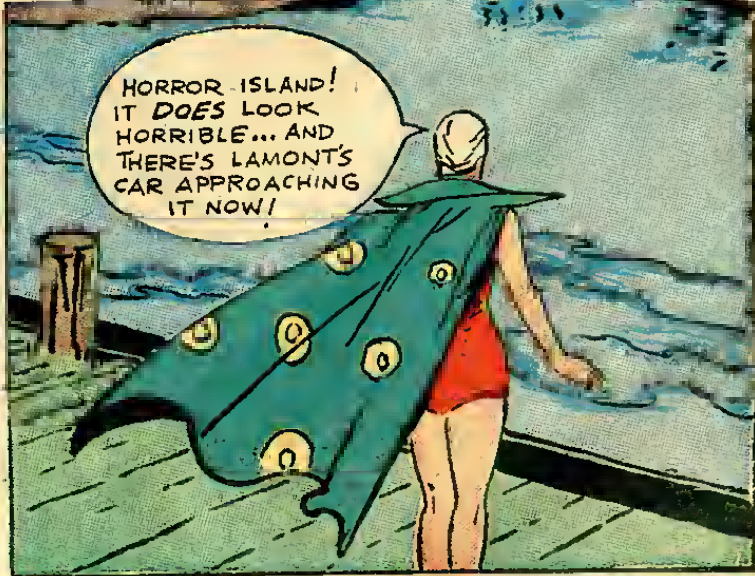
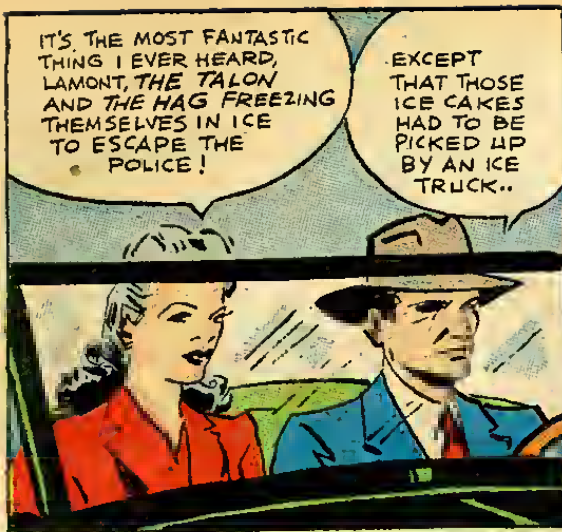


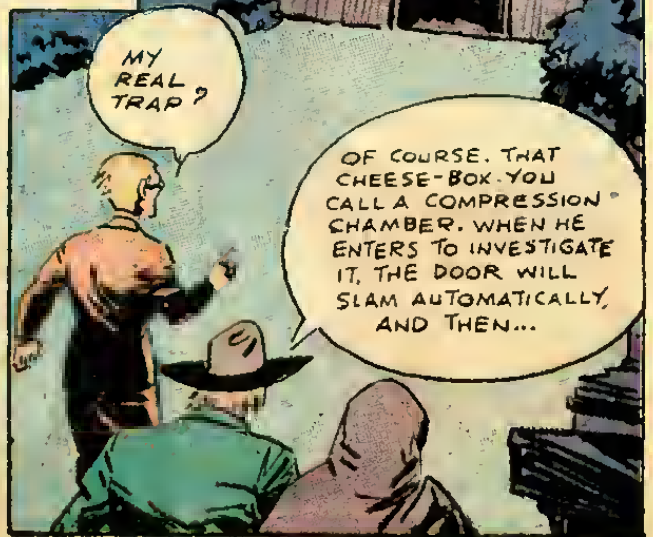
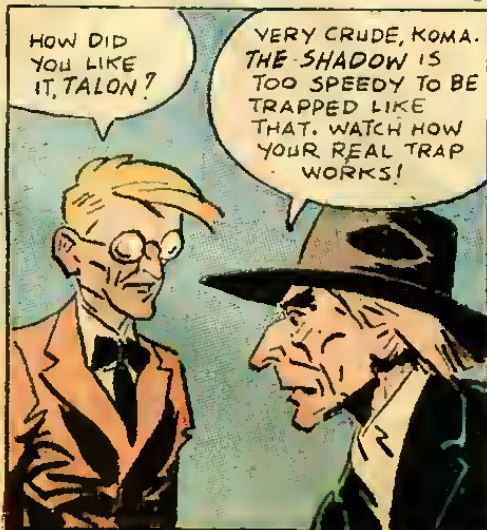
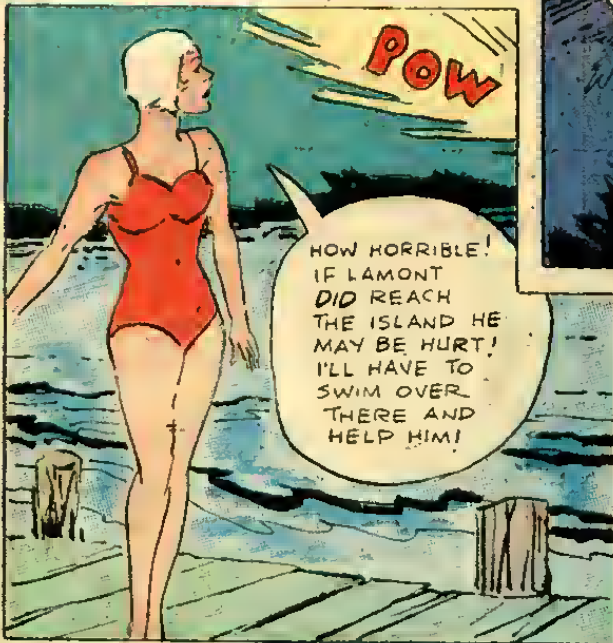
THAT ONE IS MY PATRON, THE TALON, WHO ADDS EVIL TO MY GENIUS! HE HAS PROMISED TO COME HERE SOON AND APPROVE MY WORK!

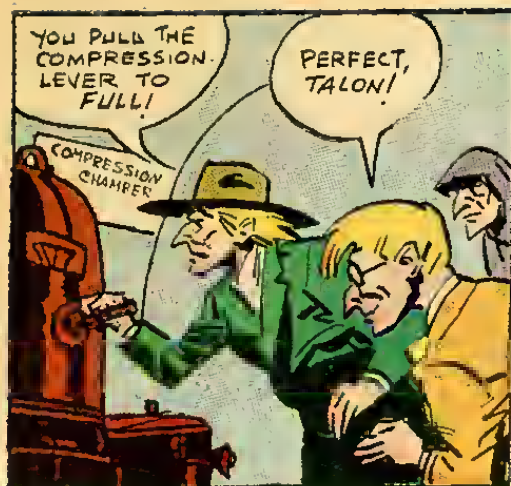












UNDER THE INCREASING
PRESSURE OF THE AIR,
THE CHAMBER BLOWS...

POW

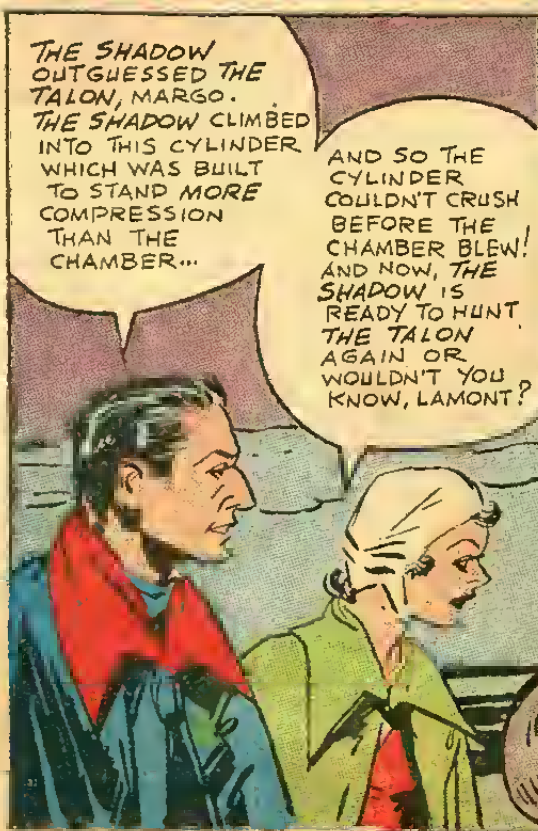
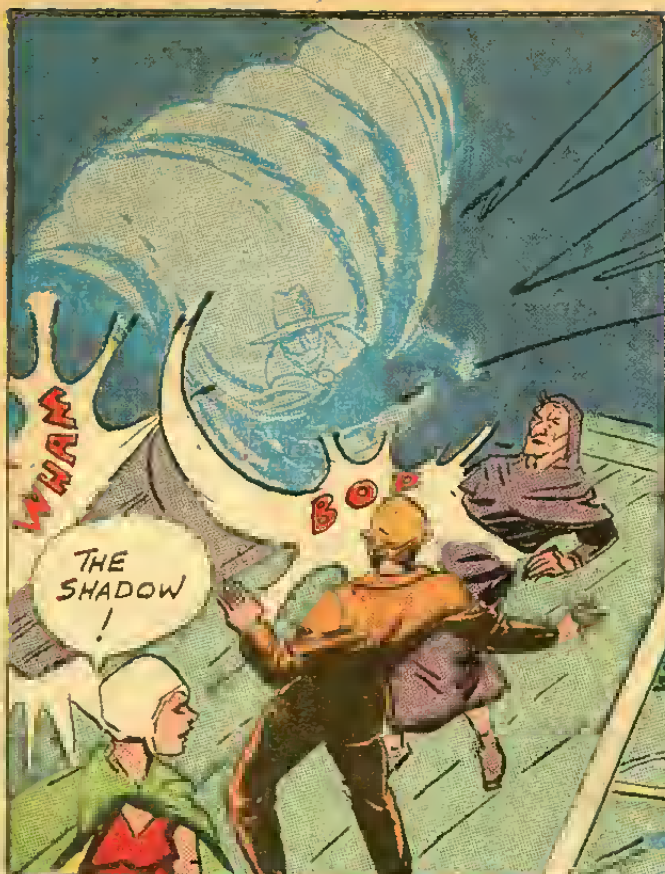
THERE GOES
YOUR CHEESE-BOX,
KOMA!

AND THE SHADOW
WITH IT, PROBABLY
AS FLAT AS A
PANCAKE
ALREADY!

COME ON! WE
WANT TO BE
AWAY BEFORE
THE POLICE
INVESTIGATE!
BRING THE
PRISONER ALONG!

LEND ME A
HAND WITH
THIS VIXEN,
KOMA!

USELESS THOUGH
MARGO'S BRIEF
STRUGGLE SEEMS,
THOSE FEW
SECONDS
BRING....



TIPS
 FROM A
 CHAMPION COACH
 ON HOW TO IMPROVE
 YOUR
 BASKETBALL
 SCORE
 IN
**TRUE
 SPORT**
 PICTURE STORIES
 NOW ON SALE